

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

## Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1636.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1848.

PRICE 4s.  
Stamped Edition, 5s.

### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

#### THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

*The very Joyous, Pleasant, and Refreshing History of the Feats, Exploits, &c., of the gentle Lord de Bayard, &c.* Set forth in English by E. Cockburn Kindersley. Longmans.

PRINTED and embellished in a genuine antique fashion, with quaint devices and a very pretty binding, we confess we took up this volume with little hope of being interested in the achievements of the famous French Knight, without Fear and without Reproach. But our doubts speedily gave way, and we found in it a well-drawn, lively, and singular picture of society, a rapid transition of scenes and events which neither sense nor fancy could resist, and were lost in the contemplation of a world so different from ours, that we could hardly believe the actors thereon were of the same species. The manners, customs, sentiments, and conduct, involved in the most parlous age of chivalry, present altogether a most remarkable phase of human nature, and contrast in the strangest way with modern times. With these men life was of no account, and they seem to have fought after, and survived wounds that would kill a dozen of the strongest men since born. They resemble the Homeric heroes, and the offspring of Gods with supernatural aids. Danger was the object of their passionate love. Honour they worshipped, yet mixed it with all the subtleties and stratagems of war to circumvent their adversaries. A game at death was a pastime sought with avidity. Plunder and profusion were among their chiefest distinctions; and with regard to the sex, their devotedness was of a curious kind—full of romance and adulation, but as is seen from some passages, not very refined or virtuous in our modern understanding of the terms. But these curious matters will be more completely shown by a few selections from Mr. Kindersley's excellently edited history, than by any remarks or analysis which we could offer. The memoirs whence this judiciously condensed translation is made, are supposed to have been written by Bayard's secretary, and published in 1627, three years after the hero's death; and Mr. K. justly observes of them, that:

"The graceful royal bearing and distinctive characteristics of the French kings, Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I.; the loyal gallantry of their men-at-arms; the suspicious jealousy of the Emperor Maximilian, and the dogged pride of his German nobles; the Spaniards' boastful vapouring; the haughty spirit of Venice, and her just and politic rule of her own subjects; the steady discipline of the Swiss; the reckless, profligate, pillaging adventurer; the half-savage Albanian; the mutinous lansquenets; and the lofty character of the 'good Knight,' receiving the homage and admiration of all,—these are all touched off in more or less finished sketches with such vividness and truth,

"That aged ears play truant at his tales  
And younger hearings are quite ravished,  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

With this borrowed poem we plunge into the narrative, passing by Bayard's family, birth, and early education under the Duke of Savoy, who accomplishes him in arms, and then makes a present of him to King Charles VIII. of France. His introduction displays the promise of his future glorious career:

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"They then mounted their horses and went to wait for the King and his company in the meadow of Ensay, for the Prince proceeded thither by water on the Soane. As soon as he got out of the boat, and saw young Bayard on his charger, he cried out, 'Friend page, give your horse the spur,' which he did forthwith. You would have thought, to see him start, he had been at the practice all his life. At the end of the course he made his horse give two or three bounds, and then returned full gallop towards the King, and stopped short before him, making his horse pass; so that not only the King but all the company were delighted. The King called to him, 'Piquez, piquez encore un coup,' upon which the pages cried out, 'Piquez, piquez,' so that for some time after he was surnamed Piqueur. The King said to the Duke, 'Truly, cousin, it is impossible to manage a horse better; I shall not wait till you give me your page and his horse, but beg them of you.' He then committed both page and horse into the charge of the lord de Ligny, who humbly thanked the King, for he deemed well he would make such a man of him as would do him honour; an expectation which was well fulfilled in divers places.

"Three years only was the good Knight page in the family of the lord de Ligny, who, when he reached the age of seventeen, discharged him from pagehood and appointed him of his company; but still retained him as a gentleman of his household."

He distinguished himself in tournaments and other gallantries; grew in years and was soon engaged in more serious strifes. Charles VIII. died in 1498, and was succeeded by Louis XII., who invaded Lombardy and provoked the war in which the Emperor Maximilian, the Spaniards, the Pope, and the Princes of Italy, with mercenaries of many sorts, soon took part and formed a field for Lord Bayard's military exploits. But we must give place to a preliminary sketch which is strikingly illustrative of the manners of those days:

"The King Louis returned to France, and the French garrisons remained in Lombardy, amusing themselves with jousts, tournaments, and all other pastimes. The good Knight went to visit a noble lady named Blanche, who had espoused his former master Duke Charles of Savoy. She dwelt at Carignan in Piedmont, one of her dower towns; and being full of courtesy, received him hospitably and treated him as one of her family, in which was a very honourable lady madame de Fluxas, who had been governess of the house since her younger days; with her husband, an honourable gentleman who superintended the Duchess's household. You must know that when the good Knight was page to the Duke of Savoy, this madame de Fluxas was a young lady in waiting on the Duchess; and as young people seek each other's company, there sprang up such a love between them, in all honour, that had they followed their inclinations without regard to consequences, they had married. After the good Knight left the service of the Duke and became the page of King Charles, the young lady wedded this lord de Fluxas, who was very rich and took her for her good qualities; for of fortune she had little.

"This lady de Fluxas, who was celebrated for her great beauty and powers of conversation, received the good Knight most graciously and

courteously. They discoursed much of the days of their youth; and she reminded him of the credit he had acquired with master Claude de Vaudray; of the tourney he gained at Ayre, and his honours at the battle of Fournou; and so lauded him that he was put to the blush. At last she requested him to give a tourney in Carignan in honour of the Duchess, in whose house he had been brought up.

"'Truly,' said the good Knight, 'since you wish it, it shall be done. You are the lady of all the world who first made a conquest of my heart to her service by your graciousness; I am well assured that I shall never have of you but mouth and hands, for I should lose my labour to ask aught else of you; and moreover, on my soul I would rather die than press you to dishonour. I pray you give me one of your sleeves, for I have need of it.' The lady, not knowing what he wanted with it, gave it him; and he put it without more ado into the sleeve of his doublet.

"The next morning he sent a trumpet to all the towns in the neighbourhood where there were garrisons, to notify to the gentlemen that if they would appear in the town of Carignan four days after, in arms, he would give to the best doer in three courses with the lance in open lifts, and in twelve blows with the sword, a prize of his lady's sleeve with a ruby attached valued at one hundred ducats. The trumpet did his bidding, and returned with the names of fifteen gentlemen who had promised to come.

"When it came to the knowledge of the lady Blanche, she was much pleased, and had her platform erected on the field of combat.

"On the appointed day, about an hour after noon, the good Knight appeared on the ground, armed at all points, with three or four of his companions, as the lord de Bonvent, the lord de Mondragon, and others; and they had scarcely arrived when all the rest who were to run a course presented themselves. The good Knight commenced the sport, opposed by the lord de Rovatre, a gallant gentleman who carried the standard of Duke Philibert. He was a bold and skilful Knight, and made so good a hit with his lance that he broke it into three or four pieces. But the good Knight dealt him such a blow on the upper part of his grandbuffe, that he disarmed him of it, made daylight through it, and caused his own lance to fly into five or six pieces. The lord de Rovatre recovered his grandbuffe and ran his second lance, which he broke in as good style as the first. But the good Knight struck him on the visor, and with the blow carried away his plume and made him reel in his saddle; but still he kept his seat. At the third course the lord de Rovatre crossed his lance, and the good Knight shivered his with a crash. After them came Mondragon and the lord de Chevron, who ran their courses so well that all applauded them. Two others followed; and finally, all bore themselves so well that the company was much gratified.

"When the lances were broken, they took to their swords; but the good Knight struck but two blows ere he made his adversary's sword fly out of his hand, and broke his own. Then one after another came on the field, and all did as well as was possible; and very late it was when all was over. The Duchess, by the lord de Fluxas, invited all the gentlemen to sup at the castle; where you may suppose they were hand-

somely entertained; for they knew well there how to do it. After supper the hautboys and minstrels began to sound; and before dancing commenced the prize was to be awarded. All were of opinion that the good Knight had by right of arms gained the prize; upon which the judges, the lords de Grammont and de Fluxas, presented it to him. But he modestly refused it saying, he had not deserved it; but that if he had done anything well, madame de Fluxas had the merit of it, who had lent him her sleeve, and he referred it to her to give the prize where she thought fit. The lord de Fluxas, who knew the high honour of the good Knight, felt no jealousy, but came straight to his wife with the lord de Grammont, who said to her: 'Madame, in presence of your husband here, my lord de Bayard, to whom the prize of the tourney has been awarded, has declared that you have gained it by means of the sleeve you gave him; wherefore he sends it to you to do your pleasure with it.' She, who was wondrously acquainted with the forms of honour and courtesy, was no way abashed, but thanked the good Knight for the honour he had done her, and said: 'Since my lord de Bayard pays me the compliment of saying that my sleeve has gained him the prize, I shall keep it all my life for love of him. But for the ruby; since the best doer will not accept it, I think it should be given to my lord de Mondragon, for he is considered to be second to him.' It was done as she desired, and not a murmur was heard. The dancing then began and lasted till midnight.

'After five or six days spent in feasting at Carignan the French gentlemen returned to their garrisons. The good Knight also took leave of his good mistress the lady Blanche, who was very proud that he had been educated in her family. He told her there was neither prince nor princess in the world after his sovereign lord, who might more readily command his services; for which she heartily thanked him. He then went to bid adieu to his first love the lady de Fluxas. Their parting was not without tears on her part, and a sad heart on his. Their mutual honourable love lasted till death, and no year passed without their sending presents to each other.'

We now come to the Italian campaign and find our Knight in a mortal quarrel with Don Alonso, a Spaniard, who had broken his parole, ransoms himself for a thousand crowns, and is then challenged to single combat. The sequel is thus related:

'He (Bayard) called for a clerk, and dictated a letter in these terms:—'Signor Alonso, I hear that after your return from being my prisoner, you have spread complaints amongst your people that I did not treat you like a gentleman. You know the contrary. But since, if it were true, it were great dishonour to me, I have written you this letter, by which I pray you to recall your words in presence of those who have heard them; confessing, as truth is, the good and honourable treatment I showed you: and so doing you will consult your own honour, and redress mine, which you have unjustly aspersed. But if you refuse, I am determined to make you unsay your words by mortal combat, your person against mine, whether on foot or horseback, and leaving you the choice of weapons; and so adieu. From Monervyne, this tenth of July.'

'This letter was sent by a herald of the noble lord de la Palisse, called La Lune. When Don Alonso had read it he wrote by the same herald, without consulting any one, this answer:—'Lord de Bayard, I would have you know that I never unsay what I have said; nor are you the man to compel me. Wherefore I accept the combat you propose within fifteen days from this, at two miles from the town of Andrea or wherever else you please.' La Lune brought this answer to the good Knight, who would not have taken ten thousand crowns for it, ill as he was.

'When they day of combat arrived, the lord de la Palisse with two hundred men-at-arms (for this had been agreed between the combatants), brought his champion to the field mounted on a very good and handsome charger. Don Alonso had not yet arrived, and La Lune went to hasten him. Having ascertained that the good Knight was armed for fighting on horseback, as had been previously settled; 'How,' said he, 'it is for me to choose the arms, and him the field. Go, herald, and tell him I choose to fight on foot.' This he did for two reasons; first, because there was not a more expert man in the world on horseback than the good Knight; and secondly, that being enfeebled by his sickness, Don Alonso had good hope to conquer him on foot.

'When the herald announced these news to the good Knight, he remained thoughtful a moment; for that very day he had experienced an attack of his fever. Notwithstanding, being lion-hearted, he replied, 'La Lune, my friend, go and hasten him, and tell him this shall not prevent my repairing my honour by God's help this very day. And if the combat on foot does not please him, let it be any way he will.'

'Meanwhile he chose his ground, which was marked out by large stones placed at small intervals, and took his station at one end accompanied by many good, brave and valiant captains, as the lords de la Palisse, d'Orze, d'Hymbecourt, de Fontrailles, the baron de Bearn and many others, who all prayed our Lord that he would aid our champion.

'When Don Alonso found there was no remedy but he must fight, he came to the field very well accompanied by the marquis of Licita, Don Diego de Guynons (lieutenant of the great captain Gonzalvo), Don Pedro de Haldes, Don Francisco d'Altemeze and many others. He then sent the weapons, which were a rapier and dagger, to the good Knight that he might take his choice. When they were armed in gorget and secrette, the good Knight was placed on the field by his companion Bellabre whom he took for his sponsor, the lord de la Palisse keeping the ground for him. Don Alonso entered at the other end and was placed by his sponsor Don Diego de Guynons, the ground being kept for him by Don Francisco d'Altemeze. When both were placed, the good Knight knelt and made his orison to God, and then lying at full length kissed the ground. On rising he made the sign of the cross, and walked straight towards his enemy as confidently as if he were going to dance with a lady. Nor did Don Alonso betray any signs of fear, but going straight towards the good Knight, said, 'Signor de Bayard, what is your quarrel with me?' the good Knight replied, 'I would defend my honour.' And without more words they closed, and dealt each other a furious blow; and the rapier of the good Knight wounded Don Alonso slightly in the face and drew blood. Never were seen two more doughty champions; each was sure of foot and eye, and would not strike at random. The good Knight soon perceived the trick of his enemy, who, as soon as he had delivered his blow, guarded his face so that he could not be hurt. So when Don Alonso raised his arm to strike, he did the same, but held his rapier steadily raised till his enemy's blow had passed, and then taking him exposed, launched him such a tremendous blow on the throat that, despite his good gorget, the rapier entered his throat four good finger-breadths, and was so fixed in the gorget that he could not pull it out. Don Alonso finding himself mortally wounded threw away his rapier and seized the good Knight round the body, who grappled with him; and they wrestled till both fell to the ground. The good Knight, quick and wary, seized his dagger, and thrusting it into his enemy's nostrils cried, 'Yield thee, Signor Alonso, or thou diest.' But he was already past answering. His sponsor, Don Diego, exclaimed, 'Sig-

nor Bayard, he is already dead; you have conquered.' And so it was, for he stirred neither hand nor foot.

'The good Knight was much troubled; for he would have given a hundred thousand crowns, had he had them, to have spared his life. But in gratitude for the favour God had shown him he knelt down, and humbly returning thanks, kissed the earth three times. Afterwards, dragging his enemy out of the field, he said to the sponsor, 'Don Diego, have I done enough?' He replied sadly, 'Too much, Signor Bayard, for the honour of Spain.' 'You know,' said the good Knight, 'that it is for me to do as I will with the body. I restore it to you. And truly I would, my honour safe, that it were otherwise.'

'The Spaniards then bore off their champion's body with piteous lamentations, and the French escorted theirs with trumpets and clarions to the garrison, where the first thing the good Knight did was to repair to the church and return thanks to God. They then had great rejoicings; and he was accounted, both by the French and Spaniards, to be one of the most accomplished knights that could be found.'

We have shortly after a set fight of thirteen to thirteen; and many daring and wonderful acts performed by Bayard:

'The emperor at last crossed the mountains and made his appearance in the plain in the beginning of August with a truly imperial army; and had their courage been as great as their numbers, they might have conquered the world. His force is worthy of being detailed. He had one hundred and six pieces of artillery on wheels, of which the least was a falcon, and six great mortars of cast metal, which could not be drawn on gun-carriages but were conveyed each on a strong waggon furnished with engines, and when they wanted to form a battery they dismounted them, and, raising the muzzles with their engines, supported them with large blocks of wood, and constructed a marvellous mass of rubbish behind them to prevent their recoil. These pieces carried stone bullets, for they could not have lifted metal shot of the size, and they could only be fired four times in the day at most.

'There were with the emperor full one hundred and twenty dukes, counts, marquises, and other princes and lords of Germany; about twelve thousand horse, and five or six hundred Burgundian and Hainault men-at-arms. Of infantry there were lansquenets innumerable, estimated at fifty thousand. The Cardinal of Ferrara came on behalf of his brother the Duke to the assistance of the emperor, and brought twelve pieces of artillery, five hundred horse, and three thousand foot; and the Cardinal of Mantua nearly as many. In short, with the French men-at-arms, it was considered there were altogether one hundred thousand fighting men. One great deficiency was that they had only carriages for half the artillery; so that when they marched, part of the army remained to guard one portion, whilst the other was deposited wherever they formed their camp; and then the waggons returned for the remainder; which was very vexatious.

'The first camp that was formed was near the palace of the Queen of Cyprus, about eight miles from Padua, where they were joined by the lord de Meillaut, a young French gentleman, a bold and enterprising leader, with some twelve hundred adventurers, all light armed skirmishers.

'Here it was determined to lay siege to Padua, for which place they marched, after first reducing the castle of Montselles, which was capable of long holding out if the rascals who were in it had been of any worth; but their hearts failed them. When the breach, which was difficult enough, was made, the alarm sounded for the assault, and though they had a bow-shot to traverse, the French adventurers of Captain Meillaut were there in a twinkling, and they



seemed not to have eaten for a week, so light were they. Those within made but a feeble resistance, for in less than a quarter of an hour they were all cut to pieces. The adventurers got a pretty good booty, and amongst other things there were some seven or eight score very handsome horses."

The siege of Padua was a stirring and sanguinary scene, and after much battering and slaughter we are told:

"It was already noised throughout the camp that the assault was to take place about mid-day; and you might then have seen a curious scene. The priests were retained with large fees of gold to confess them, as every one wished to be in a good state of preparation; and there were several men-at-arms who entrusted them with their purses to take charge of; and we need not therefore doubt but that our friends the chaplains would have been very willing that those, whose money they had, should have remained in the breach. One thing I would impress on those who read this history, that for five hundred years there had been no prince's camp in which was seen so much wealth; and there was scarcely a day in which three or four hundred lansquenets did not leave it with oxen and cows, corn, silk, and other things for Germany, so that the damage to Padua amounted to two millions of crowns in moveables and in houses and palaces burnt and destroyed."

Upon a disagreement as to the mode of attack, however, the siege is raised. Pope Julius having declared war against the Duke of Ferrara, had a narrow escape from being taken prisoner by the Good Knight; and we have a prototype of the cave-burning massacre in Algeria. We must, however, reserve the sequel, and more of these memorable pictures, for future attention.

#### CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

*Man and His Motives.* By George Moore, M.D., &c. Longmans.

PRE-EMINENT as a writer, who, with pure Christian faith, combines the utmost advances of science and the highest elements of philosophy, Dr. Moore has added another volume, of equal value, to his former publications, which have received so warm a reception from critics and the public. "The Power of the Soul over the Body," and "The Use of the Body in relation to the Mind" (and also his more strictly medical writings), have established the Author in a superior rank, and in a line that may be said to be almost peculiarly his own. The present may be taken as a natural sequel to what have gone before, and is equally sound and instructive, devoid of mystery and bosomed in piety. Dr. Moore treats of our human and superhuman relations and duties. Of our passions also; and without endeavouring to convey our readers through the many important considerations discussed, we hope we may, by a few brief lines from one topic, Love (Chapter XIII.), afford an intelligible notion of the admirable manner in which all are laid before us, for lessons of the most beneficial nature:

"Good education is the training of the mind to good feeling—the communication of intelligence in love and faithfulness—in short, religion; but bad education is whatever induces a mind to distrust others rather than itself, and sets it selfishly at work to find satisfaction in knowledge without love, in facts without faith, in dependence on the senses for sufficiency rather than on God.

"Love, itself, may abuse power. Howard was, as a philanthropist, a blessing to the world, but, as a father, however affectionate, he seems to have been unwise; a mistaken sense of duty caused him to pierce his own heart. He thought it his duty to insist on obedience merely to the authority of parental power, instead of en-

forcing it by the attractiveness of fatherly feeling and consistency. Natural faith and affection are not blind, but well able to distinguish their proper objects. He taught his child, while still an infant, not to cry, and never in all its childhood permitted it to have what it demanded with tears! God forbid that our Father in heaven should thus treat us. He expects us to be in earnest. But, said Howard, the government of a being that cannot reason about the fitness of things should be only coercive and in fear. He overlooked the discernment that is keener than reason; he forgot that the heart has to be educated as well as the head, and that it is ruled aright only as long as love is visible in power. A child that must always govern its feelings, from fear of others, will soon be a hypocrite and a tyrant. When the fetters upon it are removed, the soul will rush into selfish extravagance, and, perhaps perish; like a bird from a cage, unfit to use its wings, and aiming only at pleasure, while incapable of providing for its own wants. Thus Howard's son was in infancy coerced, without fondness; in youth, commanded to be moral; in manhood, became debauched, and then mad.

"Most persons will own that the law of love is a beautiful law for the government of spirits in general; but, unfortunately, the majority of persons condemn themselves as often as they make this acknowledgment. They well approve of being treated according to the rule of a considerate and charitable regard for all their own interests, but some blinding conceit, or selfish deception, hinders them from acting on this rule with regard to others. 'Love thy neighbour as thyself,' is mentally applied as a divine direction for the regeneration of society; but we are apt to forget that the renewal of our own minds in the spirit of this law is the only proof that we feel its value. It is possible to make ourselves so completely our own objects, as really to look at nothing else with any degree of love, and then to render it the business of life to be adulated and admired. The passion for human approbation scruples at nothing that may serve to win applause; and men can imitate demons from a desire to be idolized. But the true hero is not ambitious of distinction. He wishes, indeed, to rise to the height of excellence, but he aims not at being alone in heaven; he loves others as himself, and believing in God as the source of blessings to the innumerable company that walk alike in light, desires all the families of mankind to be as the children of one Father. His idea of love is the love of Him who would have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth; of him who laid down his life for his friends, that they might be made perfect in love, and be with Him in glory. The love that cannot bear all contradiction and injustice, in order to remove the curse upon prejudice, is a love that cannot stand the test; it lives not in the faith of God, and therefore will endeavour to excuse itself from obeying the command that requires the manifestation of love to others in spite of their hatred. Love is due to none, if not to all—and if to all, it is not because we have any special right in it, but as the common gift of God, like the sunshine that falls equally upon the just and the unjust, although none rightly enjoy it but those who feel that light is love, for without faith in the Giver we find no spirit of goodness in the gift.

"Love makes the character of a man, and the selfish are the miserly, who, in their eagerness to possess, lose the power to enjoy, and set themselves at their right value, as worth only so much in pounds sterling, to be used by their heirs and undertakers.

"Unhappy man—most wretched of all disconsolate lovers—in love with thyself! Most unworthy is the object of thy affection; but, alas! it will incessantly obtrude itself, and

utterly shut out even the capacity of enjoying a pleasant thought. How can he rest upon his heart's love, who is forced to show himself so much attention as to exclude all other objects, as if God had not another creature worthy of his care?

"Even Narcissus saw something to admire: though but the reflection of himself, it returned his smile; but he who thinks only of himself, sees nothing that can permanently please him. The world of light is a blank creation to such a soul, and compared with it, an oyster at the bottom of the sea is a princely being, since it voluntarily opens its shell that life may play about its heart; and when the sunshine reaches down to its home it feels that it is alive with its neighbours; for even the creeping things in the great deep have senses, and rejoice in the use of them.

"The Maker of man designed him to be unhappy, except when his heart is engaged in making others happy. This is the only way in which man can imitate God; and though man can create nothing for himself, yet his proper satisfaction is not otherwise than divine when rightly using Divine gifts. We are to behold that God's works are very good, and we are so to feel the goodness that they manifest, as lovingly to express the benevolence of their Maker. He gives us senses, to put us in relation to all outward sources of delight; He gives us reason and affection, that we may think and love; He gives us will and muscle, that we may hope and act. Thus we are called on to attend to everything rather than ourselves; and not to live in the enlargement of our souls as unequalled and unmatched but by minds in communion with each other, with God and His universe, is to frustrate the purpose of our being. We are to be happy, but only in living activity and in sympathy with happiness. We are to produce joy, in order fully to perceive it. We are to look for smiles, and so act that those about us may always meet us with a cheerful face and a confiding heart.

"Christianity proposes an excellent way for the settlement of all disputes; it sets up love as superior to all other authority, and as the only interpreter of God's mind. If any teaching tend to encourage an overbearing temper, or the assumption of a right to dictate to consciences, except by preaching the charity of God's word, it evidently comes not from above. Whoever endeavours to secure advantage to himself, or his party, to the prejudice of others, is not moved by the spirit of Heaven, and the only proof we can afford of our believing the truth must be seen in our practice of charity.

"Love is the mainspring of all action and enjoyment; but its might is revealed only by its trials, and that is a mockery of love that is not faithful unto death, because all things perishable must terminate in that. But it is in the nature of love to live on with growing strength to the end.

"The worst of all mockeries is a marriage without love, a yoking together, but not a union, bondage without a bond, a multiplication of all the burthens of life for both parties without a mutual life-interest, and like the offering of a whole family to false gods, whose demands are never satisfied, because, whatever the sacrifice, there is still no atonement. Too many matches are made in a confusion—they have no faith in their composition, and therefore an abundance of sin. There may be sincerity enough in them, but too often it is sincere selfishness; a sense of God's favour has nothing to do with it; the compact is a merely civil affair, as if the Lord of life had not instituted nuptials to evince His own love and dominion. His own union in power with submissive humanity, so that command and obedience should be the expression of one spirit, and that spirit, love. The chief concern of this

is the least understood—the science of union is not studied, the principles of peace and of happiness are lost in commercial relations, or left to the discernment of minds blinded by passion. In this artificial state of society, Nature attempts sometimes to vindicate her own majesty, but, being thwarted in every direction, the heart usually becomes attached to inappropriate objects, and either cherishes its own maudlin romance, or resigns itself to some ignoble decision, that plants a thorn in every step of life."

These are but patches of a mighty argument; but we trust they will induce many to read the whole of Dr. Moore's excellent book.

#### TALLEYRAND.

*Reminiscences of Prince Talleyrand. Edited from the Papers of the late M. Colmache, Private Secretary to the Prince. By Madame Colmache. 2 vols. Colburn.*

WHETHER the private secretary had access to the private matters of this very wily and most reserved of men, we cannot tell; but these volumes show that he did not make a record of anything he might have learnt that was much worth public attention. On the contrary, the facts are, like Falstaff's, bread in proportion to the sack, and, indeed, hardly sufficient to guarantee the authenticity of any part. Blank dates and initial letters are always suspicious, and we must, therefore, receive these "Reminiscences" doubtfully, and introduce them to our readers for what they may think they are worth. The writer represents them as having been gathered during a sojourn at Valençay, and the following are the best examples we can select of their character. After a long and circumstantial detail of the kidnapping of the Spanish Princes, and their imprisonment at Valençay, the reciter concludes:

"It was at Valençay that Ferdinand fired his first shot.

"The young princes were all delighted at the change in their habits, and at the kindness with which they were surrounded. The *garde de chasse* who accompanied them through the park, had served the Prince de Condé; the riding-master who was employed to teach them to ride, had been for years in the *grande écurie*, and had given instructions to Madame Elizabeth; so that they were constantly reminded of individuals of their own family. Boucher, the cook, was continually employed in concocting detestable Spanish ollas. The terrace before the château was converted for their amusement into a *salle de bal*, where they would sometimes join in those dances of their country, which require no art to follow their movements or the step. Guitars were left in every corner of the garden, and the kind-hearted Dussek himself would devote his time and talent to the execution of simple Spanish airs, which they would love to hear, as being the only music they could understand.

"But all these amusements were only minor points of interest in the history of their lives. It was at the hour of prayer, when the bell of the chapel rang at sunset, that all the etiquette of Spanish form was most strictly adhered to. Every soul in the château, whether visitor, attendant, gaoier, or guard, was compelled to attend at the chapel; and it was really a touching sight to behold prisoners and gaoiers, oppressors and oppressed, kneeling together before the same God, laying aside their bitterness and enmities before Him who was one day to judge them all.

"During this period of uncertainty, while his European allies were still dubious as to the manner in which his brother Joseph would be received as king of Spain, Napoleon was in a state of constant terror and alarm with regard to the prisoners of Valençay; he could not hear of the place, nor of the persons who inhabited it,

without giving way to transports of rage, and to the utterance of injurious epithets concerning those whom he had already wronged and oppressed. One day, the young prince received a billet, couched in the following terms: "Prince Ferdinand, in writing to me, addresses me as his cousin. Let him understand that such address is ridiculous, and let him henceforth simply call me 'Sire.'"

"From this time forward, the existence of the princes seemed to have been forgotten; and all that can be said of them during the five years that they spent at Valençay is, that they existed. The treaty which fixed their departure to Spain was negotiated at Valençay, and they left the place full of unspeakable gratitude for the kindness and princely generosity of its owner."

"Just as I had finished the reading of this tale of wonder, C. entered the room. 'What think you of this strange statement?' said he. 'The history of your own country, all wild and furious as it is, cannot offer an example of such audacity as this.' I was fain humbly to confess our inferiority in these matters. 'But know you,' said I, 'the opinion of Prince Talleyrand with regard to this affair?'

"He has been calumniated even in this," was C.'s reply, 'and accused of having advised the measure; whereas his indignation on learning from Napoleon himself the step which had been taken, dictated the boldest and most eloquent speech which, perhaps, ever fell from his lips: 'Sire,' said he, warmly, 'a young man of family (*un enfant de famille*) may gamble away his last farthing—the heritage of his ancestors—the dower of his mother—the portion of his sisters—and yet be courted and admired for his wit—but he sought for his talents or distinction—but let him once be detected in *cheating* at the game, and he is lost—society is for ever shut against him.' With these words he turned upon his heel, leaving the emperor pale and quivering with rage, and vowing vengeance against the bold speaker of the unwholesome truth. Such was the real opinion of the Prince de Talleyrand concerning this unprincipled transaction—the expression of the man who has been accused, not only of having been the instigator of the whole proceeding, but of having aided in its execution, 'Et voilà comme on écrit l'histoire!'

The subjoined are stated as Talleyrand's declared opinions:

"I have often heard him say that 'experience teaches us indulgence, and that 'the wisest man is he who doubts his own judgment with regard to the motives which actuate his fellow-men.' I have sometimes heard him entertain his intimate circle, during a long evening, with a vast number of amusing traits and anecdotes relating to his 'fellow-labourers in the vineyard,' without once having recourse to scandal or ridicule, which I consider the very perfection of the story-teller's science. The only person with whose name he likes, even now, sometimes, to disport himself in his *moments de malice* is Madame Necker, whom he never could tolerate, and with whom, even in her most palmy days, he scrupled not to declare himself openly at war. He really felt with regard to her what he so happily expressed, 'She has every virtue and but one fault, and that is, she is insupportable!' The good lady never forgave his comparing her to a 'frigate riding at anchor, and receiving a salute from a friendly power, when she stood upon her own hearth-rug at the Hôtel Necker, upon the occasion of her weekly receptions; her ample proportions obscuring the light of the fire, as, with pinched-up features and prudish smile, she listened to the compliments of the Academicians, whom she assembled but for this purpose. The 'strait-laced Genevese,' as he calls her, has furnished him, I verily believe, with more witty *bon mots*, with more stinging epigrams, than even his most bitter enemy.

"His feeling towards her daughter, Madame de Staël, has much of the same nature. To this hour, his *amour-propre* is wounded by the obligation he owes her for having obtained, through her credit with Barras, his recall from exile, and thus, in reality, laid the foundation of his fortune. This unwillingness to own a debt may savour somewhat of ingratitude; but the prince will be excused when it is remembered that Madame de Staël possessed, in common with all persons of a nervous, irritable temperament, an excess of that susceptibility which phrenologists have denominated 'approbativeness,' which made her over-value her success, and never cease bringing it to the memory of the person obliged. This, to a proud, sarcastic temper like that of the prince, must have been peculiarly annoying, the more so as Napoleon, with the gross, soldier-like want of tact which he would sometimes display, loved to remind him both of the immensity of the service, and by whom it had been rendered, and then would laugh coarsely to see him wince under the reproach, which all his wonted philosophy did not enable him to bear with calmness."

"He had never the same high opinion of Madame de Staël which the world professed. He thought her style pedantic and *guindé*, and would complain, when any of her compositions were read to him, of their total want of nature and *coloris*. I have often heard him say, that those who read the writings might fairly boast of knowing the writer, for that nothing could more resemble Madame de Staël herself than the false, exaggerated sentiments and superficial erudition of her compositions. I have seldom seen him enjoy more keenly a story than the one he will sometimes tell of an adventure which befel Madame de Staël at a party where he himself was present. I think it was at a *fête champêtre* given by Madame Helvetius at her pretty little château at Auteuil. The garden was full of all the talent of Europe and America combined, for it was just at the height of the American mania, and the fête, indeed, was given to the great champion of liberty, the regenerator of his race—*l'homme de la nature*—the immortal Franklin. I could tell you, by the bye, some curious circumstances connected with the great patriot, which you, as an Englishman, would be glad to hear, and which I am sure the prince would be equally glad to communicate, for he has but small esteem for the *fans bon-homme*, as he called him."

"Madame Helvetius was one of the most charming women that the world ever produced. The style and type of such beings seem lost ever since the revolution. Without being strictly handsome, she always succeeded, without effort, in obtaining more admiration than the professed beauties who might be in the same company with her. There was a charm, a grace in every action, in every word she uttered, which has never been surpassed. Although she herself possessed no literary talent, there was not a celebrity in Europe who was not proud of her notice; and her assemblies in Paris, and her fêtes at Auteuil are not forgotten to this day. Upon the occasion to which I refer, Madame de Staël was making her *début* in the Parisian literary world, and calculating upon even more success than she obtained, although, had she been a person of moderate pretensions, she would have been more than satisfied. She had just arrived in Paris; she herself and all those connected with her, had been bright particular stars in the somewhat dim and cloudy horizon of Geneva."

"On her first appearance at the *réunion*, Madame Helvetius had, of course, with well-bred courtesy, paid her most particular attention, but having other guests to welcome, had left her after a while, to superintend the distribution of the amusements about the grounds."



A comic story of de Staël and the Poet Monti follows, but it is not worth the room it would occupy to repeat it. The writer absolves Talleyrand from direct participation in the overthrow of Charles X., though quite ready to avail himself of it to raise the Orleans branch to the throne, and himself to influence, for:

"M. de Talleyrand reckoned among his most intimate friends some of the most violent members of the opposition, who, at the moment of the revolution of 1830, by the force of circumstances, found themselves at the head of the new code of things which they had so long and so ardently desired, and which, after all, was established without their direct influence, as will be proved by a bare recital of facts. Thus, M. de Talleyrand received into his daily intimacy General Sébastiani, the Duc de Broglie, M. Villemain, M. Bertin de Vaux, and M. Molé; all of whom, however, remained passive spectators of the struggle, until the moment when the chance turned in favour of the popular party. There was one man, however, who took an active part in the revolutionary movement, who had prepared and ordered its march by his attacks in the journal of which he was principal editor, and whom M. de Talleyrand encouraged and distinguished by most particular favour. It was, indeed, at Rochecotte, during the month of May, which Thiers spent there with M. de Talleyrand, that he conceived the plan of those terrific articles in the *National*, which every morning, like the battering ram of ancient warfare, laid in ruins the wretched bulwarks behind which the tottering monarchy thought itself secure.

"Thiers, in fact, did conspire against the Government of Charles X.; but it was conspiracy not with this leader or with that; not with such and such a party, but with the immense majority of the nation, to whom he spoke the language they had seldom heard, and which they all could understand; the language of their old affections and of their craving need. But thence to argue that M. Thiers came to Rochecotte to concert with M. de Talleyrand the plan of the *National*, and the overthrow of the Government, would be to make M. de Talleyrand play a part much beneath him. It must also be remembered that Thiers was at that time a sub-editor of the *Constitutionnel*, and that nothing foretold in him the future President of Louis Philippe's council. His History of the Revolution, full as it was of false ideas and monstrous principles, thanks to some few narratives of interest, and to the great name of Napoleon, which is traced in grand and noble characters, had established for its author a certain reputation in the literary world. But of a surety, M. de Talleyrand, notwithstanding the high opinion he entertained of the talents of Thiers as a man of business, would have been much astonished if, at that period, in his salon at Rochecotte, some modern Cassandra had predicted that the author of the "Revolution Française" would one day become Prime Minister and Chief of the French Cabinet! M. de Talleyrand, with all his boasted perspicacity, his foresight, and his *justesse d'esprit*, would have considered it as a *mauvaise plaisanterie* that a man *sans position sociale*, an *homme de rien*, should ever be considered eligible as a leader of public affairs in a country like France.

"M. Thiers was, in the eyes of M. de Talleyrand, nothing more than a young writer, full of vigour and talent, whom the old seigneur loved to protect, and to initiate into the manners and customs of good society, without a knowledge of which (he would often say) there can be no good taste in literature. But he was the last person in the world who, at that time, could have looked upon Thiers as a conspirator, of whom he was making himself, by such protection the vile associate."

When the Revolution broke out, and Charles fled, we are told:

"On the second day, the 28th, when the people were combating against the king's troops for the possession of the Hôtel de Ville, while the air was filled with the old and dreaded sounds, the cannon's roar, the tocsin's boom, his confidence in the success of the king's power of defence forsook him at once, and he then pronounced the memorable sentence which has since become familiar to the readers of French literature; 'The canon which is fired against the people cannot but shake the sovereign's throne.' At the moment when the tocsin announced the triumph of the people at the Hôtel de Ville, he looked at the clock upon the mantel-piece. It was then just upon the stroke of five. 'A few minutes more,' exclaimed he, 'and Charles X. is no longer King of France.'

"One good instance of his presence of mind occurred at this very moment, for he turned to his valet-de-chambre, and made him immediately collect together the men-servants of the hotel, and take down the words 'HOTEL TALLEYRAND,' which flaunted in large golden characters over the gateway, the feudal pride of other times."

"I still maintain the perfect conviction that, even up to the very hour of which I speak, he was undecided as to the course he would adopt; he was evidently waiting for the issue of the struggle. Public rumour has lent him a *bon mot*, which is certainly in his style, although I was with him the whole day, and did not hear him pronounce it.

"Hark! the tocsin ceases—we triumph!"

"We! who, mon prince?"

"Chut, not a word! I will tell you that tomorrow."

This has the usual piquancy with which French memoirs are commonly besprinkled, and, classing this work with the mass, we leave it under the favourable impression.

#### EARLY TIMES OF GEORGE III.

##### Walpole's Letters to Lady Ossory.

[Third Notice.—Conclusion.]

We have only to continue our selections from where we left off, and thank a book for so much agreeable reading, out of which we might extract twenty times as much, and as amusing.

"My French dinner went off tolerably well, except that five or six of the invited disappointed me, and the table was not full. The Abbé Raynal not only looked at nothing himself, but kept talking to the ambassador the whole time, and would not let him see anything neither. There never was such an impertinent and tiresome old gossip. He said to one of the Frenchmen, we ought to come abroad to make us love our own country. This was before Mr. Churchill, who replied very properly, 'Yes, we had some Esquimaux here lately, and they liked nothing because they could get no train-oil for breakfast.'

"January, 1779. There is in sooth a charming novelty to-day of a very different kind; an answer from Mr. Gibbon to the monks that have attacked his two famous chapters. It is the quintessence of argument, wit, temper, spirit, and consequently of victory. I did not expect anything so luminous in this age of Egyptian darkness—nor the monks either. Alas! how can he have any of the heaven left?"

"Did you see Mr. Anstey's verses at Bath-easton? They were truly more a production of this century; and not at all too good for a schoolboy. In the printed copy they have omitted an indecent stanza or two on Mrs. Macaulay. In truth Dame Thucydides has made but an uncouth match; but Anstey has tumbled from a greater height than she. Sense may be led astray by the senses; but how could a man write the *Bath Guide*, and then nothing but doggerel and stupidity?"

"Yes, madam, I do think the pomp of Garrick's funeral, perfectly ridiculous.\* It is confounding the immense space between pleasing talents and national services. What distinctions remain for a patriot hero, when the most solemn have been showered on a player?—but when a great empire is on its decline, one symptom is, there being more eagerness on trifles than on essential objects. Shakspeare, who wrote when Burleigh counselled and Nottingham fought, was not rewarded and honoured like Garrick who only acted, when—indeed I do not know who has counselled and who has fought.

"I do not at all mean to detract from Garrick's merit, who was a real genius in his way, and who, I believe, was never equalled in both tragedy and comedy. Still I cannot think that acting, however perfectly, what others have written, is one of the most astonishing talents; yet I will own as fairly that Mrs. Porter and Madlle. Dumenil have struck me so much, as even to reverence them. Garrick never affected me quite so much as those two actresses, and some few others in particular parts, as Quin, in Falstaff; King, in Lord Ogleby; Mrs. Pritchard, in Maria, in the Nonjuror; Mrs. Clive, in Mrs. Cadwallader; and Mrs. Abingdon, in Lady Teazle. They all seemed the very persons: I suppose that in Garrick I thought I saw more of his art; yet his Lear, Richard, Hotspur (which the town had not taste enough to like) Kiteley, and Ranger, were as capital and perfect as action could be. In declamation, I confess, he never charmed me; nor could he be a gentleman; his Lord Townley and Lord Hastings were mean, but then too the parts are indifferent, and do not call for a master's exertion.

"I should shock Garrick's devotees if I uttered all my opinion: I will trust your ladyship with it—it is, that Le Texier is twenty times the genius. What comparison between the powers that do the fullest justice to a single part, and those that instantaneously can fill a whole piece, and transform themselves with equal perfection into men and women, and pass from laughter to tears, and make you shed the latter at both? Garrick, when he made one laugh, was not always judicious, though excellent. What idea did his Sir John Brute give of a surly husband. His Bayes was no less entertaining; but it was a Garretter-bard. Old Cibber preserved the solemn coxcomb; and was the caricature of a great poet, as the part was designed to be.

"Half I have said I know is heresy, but fashion had gone to excess, though very rarely with so much reason. Applause had turned his head, and yet he was never content even with that prodigality. His jealousy and envy were unbounded; he hated Mrs. Clive, till she quitted the stage, and then cried her up to the skies, to depress Mrs. Abingdon. He did not love Mrs. Pritchard, and with more reason, for there was more spirit and originality in her Beatrice than in his Benedick.

"But if the town did not admire his acting more than it deserved, which indeed in general it was difficult to do, what do you think, madam, of its prejudice, even for his writings? What stuff was his Jubilee Ode, and how paltry his Prologues and Epilogues! I have always thought that he was just the counterpart of Shakspeare; this, the first of writers, and an indifferent actor; that, the first of actors, and a

\*... In Italy I became acquainted with Garrick, and from my earliest youth having admired him on the stage, was happy to be familiarly acquainted with him, cultivated his society from that time till his death, and then accompanied him to his grave as one of his pall-bearers. He and Mrs. Garrick (I think it was in 1777) have been with us in the country; Gibbon and Reynolds, at the same time, all three delightful in society. The vivacity of the great actor, the keen sarcastic wit of the great historian, and the genuine pleasantry of the great painter, mixed up well together, and made a charming party. Garrick's mimicry of the mighty Johnson was excellent. —From Lord Ossory's Memoranda."

woful author. Posterity would believe me, who will see only his writings; and who will see those of another modern idol, far less deservedly enshrined, Dr. Johnson. I have been saying this morning, that the latter deals so much in triple tautology, or the fault of repeating the same sense in three different phrases, that I believe it would be possible, taking the ground-work for all three, to make one of his Ramblers into three different papers, that should all have exactly the same purport and meaning, but in different phrases. It would be a good trick for somebody to produce one and read it; a second would say, 'bless me, I have this very paper in my pocket, but in quite other diction; and so a third.'

We continue with a brief *mot* :

"You ask about Mr. Selwyn: have you heard his incomparable reply to Lord George Gordon, who asked him if he would choose him again for Luggershall? He replied, 'his constituents would not.' 'Oh, yes, if you would recommend me, they would choose me if I came from the coast of Africa.' 'That is according to what part of the coast you came from; they would certainly, if you came from the Guinea Coast.' Now madam, is not this true inspiration as well as true wit? Had one asked him in which of the four quarters of the world Guinea is situated, could he have told."

During the later years of this correspondence, Walpole gets more aged, but not less *spirituel*, though his letters are less frequent. The American War and the French Revolution are prevalent topics; but with one reference to the latter (to compare with Dr. Millingen's statement in last week's review) we presume, we shall better consult the taste of our readers by addressing our extracts to lighter matters. The following is the passage respecting the Revolution, the date January 8th, 1793.

"I return your ladyship's kind wishes for the new year; and may it prove more felicitous to mankind, as well as to us individuals, than the last bloody months have been—not that I could feel commiseration for hosts of assassins, were the hour of punishment and retribution to arrive before this time twelvemonth. Orleans, Condorcet, and such monsters—for oh! there are many almost as execrable—have damned up every vein that would have throbbled; if they were doomed to execution, I should not feel for Marats and Robespierres; yet they were only low natural Frenchmen, and only wanted to be invited to massacre their countrymen. It is those on whom Heaven had showered its best blessings and gifts, whom I abhor for their cool, premeditated, cowardly crimes. Mr. Craufurd has brought over tales of new horrors. They now seize the estates of those they have butchered, as of Monsieur de Clermont, and say they do not know of their being dead, but believe they are *émigrés*. Condorcet, who is believed to have suggested, or been dipped, in the murder of the Duc de la Rochefoucault, had fallen in love with a girl without a fortune, and whom he could not afford to marry; the Duchesse d'Anville, mother of the Duc, gave him a hundred thousand livres, that he might marry her, as he did. I should not believe this charge, if Condorcet, in the National Assembly, had not said, on their receiving a present of a bust of Brutus, 'why send us a head of Brutus? We do not want that; why not rather give us a bust of Ankerstrom?' The basest of all assassins, who loaded his pistol with crooked nails! Can the extreme credulity of charity haggle about believing any villany of such a fiend?

"To complete the *trium diabolical* of Ankerstrom and Condorcet, hear the claim of Orleans. Ten days ago General Conway dined at Lord Rawdon's with the Prince of Wales, the Abbé de St. Far and St. Alban, natural brothers of Orleans, Monsieur de Bouillé and his son, and

other French, some of whom told this anecdote; that early in the revolution Orleans was concerting a plan for the murder of the king. One of the company said, "but, sir, you will certainly be detected." "No," said Beelzebub, "for I will have St. Far stabbed too, and nobody will suspect me of being concerned in the murder of my own brother too." The two brothers neither contradicted the story, nor seemed sorry it was told; nor, doubtless, would it have been related in their presence, unless it had been certain that they would not be offended. Pray observe, madam, that I never call his serene highness *Egalité*, for that pretended humility is presumption. He can have no equal, who is below all mankind.

"I less wonder at their atheism than at all the rest; such infernals can believe in no hell, unless, like Belphegor, they came thence themselves."

Resuming more literary and amusing themes, we revert to December 1780, when we read a curious trait of lottery gambling.

"As folks in the country love to hear of London fashions, know, madam, that the reigning one amongst the *quality* is to go after the opera to the lottery offices, where their ladyships bet with the keepers. You choose any number you please; if it does not come up next day, you pay five guineas; if it does, receive forty, or in proportion to the age of *tirage*. The Duchess of Devonshire in one day won nine hundred pounds. General Smith, as the luckiest of all mites, is of the most select parties, and chooses the numerous."

In July, 1781, he writes:

"It will be a singular year if the next six months produce as strange events as these six have; a total change, the caterpillars, the influenza, and the death of a prime-minister. *A propos*, I was forced last Saturday to have two bird-cherries at Strawberry Hill cut down and burnt; they were totally covered with webs, like a sheet full of well-grown caterpillars—as I have prodigious faith in nature's prognostics, I am persuaded that we are not yet secure against an inundation of Scotch ministers. I picked up a caterpillar myself that had as many colours as a plaid. You that have no superstition, madam, may laugh at me for telling you of my dreams and omens—to be sure, I did not use to be so credulous; but remember,

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decay'd,  
Lies in new light through chinks which time has made.

I have so many of those inlets, that no wonder my faith increases; but adieu, madam, I will go and hear what the world says.

P.S. Oh! I have got a new omen, that tells me Lord Shelburne will be minister—premiers always live where I do. In Arlington-street, my father, Lord Granville, Mr. Pelham, the Duke of Grafton. It is odd that their star and mine should *domicilier* together; but the nearer the church—"

In August:

"I have just been reading a most entertaining book, which I will recommend to you as you are grown antiquaries: I don't know whether it is published yet, for the author sent it to me. Part was published some time ago in the 'Archæologia,' and is almost the only paper in that mass of rubbish that has a grain of common sense. It is, 'Mr. E. King on ancient Castles.' You will see how comfortably and delectably our potent ancestors lived when in the constant state of war to which we are coming. Earls, barons, and their fair helpmates, lived pell-mell in dark dungeons, with their own soldiers, as the poorest cottagers do now with their pigs."

There is another hit at the Society of Antiquaries and their *Archæologia* in another letter, but it is not worth adding to an opinion which has since been gathering more general and greater strength. In November, we have a

playful account of the discovery of the Georgium Sidus (now Uranus), by Herschel, which was made known to the inhabitants of Earth with less disputatiousness and acrimony than Neptune. Walpole says:

"The planet's distance from the sun is 1,710,000,000 of miles—I revere a telescope's eyes that can see so far! What pity that no Newton should have thought of improving instruments for hearing too! If a glass can penetrate 1,710,000,000 of miles beyond the sun, how easy to form a trumpet like Sir Joshua Reynolds's, by which one might overhear what is said in Mercury and Venus, that are within a stone's throw of us! Well, such things will be discovered—but alas! we live in such an early age of the world, that nothing is brought to any perfection! I don't doubt but there will be invented spying-glasses for seeing the thoughts; and then a new kind of stucco for concealing them; but I return to my new favourite, astronomy. Do but think, madam, how fortunate it is for us that discoveries are not reciprocal. If our superiors of the great planets were to dabble in such minute researches as we make by microscopes, how with their infinitely greater facilities, they might destroy us for a morning's amusement! They might impale our little globe on a pin's point, as we do a flea, and take the current of the Ganges or Oronoko for the circulation of our blood—for with all due respect for philosophy of all sorts, I humbly apprehend that when people wade beyond their sphere, they make egregious blunders—at least we do, who are not accustomed to them. I am so vulgar, that when I hear of 17,000,000 of miles, I fancy astronomers compute by livres like the French, and not by pounds sterling. I mean, not by miles sterling. Nay, as it is but two days that I have grown wise, I have another whim. I took it into my head last night, that our antediluvian ancestors, who are said to have lived many hundred years, were not inhabitants of this earth, but of the new planet, whence might come the account, which we believe came from heaven. Whatever came from the skies, where the new planet lives, would, in the apprehension of men at that time, be deemed to come from heaven. Now if a patriarch lived ten of their years, which may be the term of their existence, and which according to our computation make 800 of our years, he was pretty nearly of the age of Methusalem; for what signifies a fraction of an hundred years or so?—Yet I offer this only as a conjecture; nor will I weary your ladyship with more, though I am not a little vain of my new speculations."

Another Star is thus mentioned:

"Mrs. Siddons continues to be the mode and to be modest and sensible. She declines great dinners, and says her business and the cares of her family take up her whole time. When Lord Carlisle carried her the tribute-money from Brookes's, he said she was not *manière* enough. 'I suppose she was grateful,' said my niece, Lady Maria. Mrs. Siddons was desired to play *Medea* and *Lady Macbeth*.—'No,' she replied, 'she did not look on them as female characters. She was questioned about her transactions with Garrick; she said, 'he did nothing but put her out; that he told her she moved her right hand when it should have been her left.—In short,' said she, 'I found I must not shade the tip of his nose.'"

The following are entertaining anecdotes: "At the neighbouring village of Teddington lives a Captain Prescott, who is not only a tar, but pitch and brimstone too. Two or three years ago (he is near fifty) he married a beautiful, sensible young woman, daughter of the minister of Portsmouth, who gave her £2,500. Trincolo soon used her inhumanly, beat her, had a child by her, thrashed her again: she was again three months gone with child, and then



he beat her so unmercifully, that a young footman who had lived five years with them, could not bear to be witness to so much brutality, left him, and has since lived a year with Mrs. Clive, who finds him the best servant she ever had. Poor Mrs. Trincolo's sufferings continuing, she resolved to run away, and by the footman's assistance did, and got to London. Her father and friends came up, and made her swear the peace against her husband. The cause was heard before Lord Mansfield. Mrs. Clive's servant was summoned as a witness. The Chief Justice asked him if he had not been aiding and abetting to his former mistress's escape. He said yes, he had. "You had!" said my lord, "what do you confess that you helped your master's wife to elope?" "Yes, my lord," replied the lad, "and yet my master has never thanked me." "Thanked you!" said Lord Mansfield, "thanked you! what, for being an accomplice with a wife against her husband?" "My lord," said the lad, "if I had not, he would have murdered her, and then he would have been hanged." The Court laughed, Lord Mansfield was charmed with the lad's coolness and wit, and if your ladyship is not, I hope you will never hear anything better than M. de Coulanges's poetry."

"If the meaner does not speak to be understood, I take him to be a very silly agent, and I conclude so the more, because the silliest persons are those who guess his meaning; as Charles II. said of a fool, who was a popular preacher in his own parish, 'I suppose his nonsense suits their nonsense.'"

"Now I shall descend, as if out of a balloon, from the heavens to the milkwoman. It is no doubt extraordinary that the poor soul should write tolerably; but, when she can write tolerably, is not it extraordinary that a Miss Seward should write no better? I am sick of these sweet singers, and advised that when poor Mrs. Yearley shall have been set at her ease by the subscription, she should drive her cows from the foot of Parnassus and hum no more ditties. For Chatterton, he was a gigantic genius, and might have soared I know not wither. In the poems, avowed for his, is a line, that Rowley nor all the monks in Christendom could or would have written, and which would startle them all for its depth of thought and comprehensive expression from a lad of eighteen—

"Reason, a thorn in Revelation's side!"

"I will read no more of Rousseau; his 'Confessions' disgusted me beyond any book I ever opened. His hen, the schoolmistress, Madame de Genlis, the newspapers say, is arrived in London. I nauseate her too; the eggs of education that both he and she laid, could not be hatched till the chickens would be ready to die of old age. I revere genius; I have a dear friendship for common sense; I have a partiality for professed nonsense; but I abhor extravagance, that is given for the quintessence of sense, and affectation that pretends to be philosophy."

We conclude with a letter devoted to literary topics:

"August 29, 1785.

"It is flattering, and too flattering to me, madam, to be supposed the author of the 'Letters of Literature.' The writer has much more variety of knowledge, and of useful knowledge, and a sounder understanding than I have; though I do not think that even thirty years ago I should have written so rashly as he has done, nor so fantastically. Far was it ever from my thoughts to admire Dr. Akenside, (and to commend him in a work that excommunicates imitators!) or to depreciate Boileau, or not to think Moliere a genius of the first water. Who upon earth has written such perfect comedies! for the 'Careless Husband' is but one—the 'Nonjuror' was built on the 'Tartuffe'; and if the 'Man of

Mode' and 'Vanbrugh' are excellent, they are too indelicate—and Congreve, who beats all for wit, is not always natural; still less, simple. In fact I disagree with Mr. Heron, as often as I subscribe to him; and though I am an enthusiast to original genius, I cannot forget that there are two classes of authors to be venerated; they who invent, and they who perfect: who has been so original as to exclude improvements?"

"Well, madam, but I not only am not the author of the Letters, but, upon my veracity, I never saw a line of them, nor knew such a work was in embryo, till it was left at my house in full impression."

"Should a doubt remain with any man, (your ladyship I flatter myself will not question my truth,) I will give him an irrefragable proof of my not having had a hand in these letters, if he will have patience to wait for it; and that is, that the author will write better than he has done twenty years after I shall be underground. In short, it is a capacity that will improve by maturity, for it will be corrected by opponents; if it is not hardened into the defence of paradoxes by defending them too ingeniously; as was the misfortune of Rousseau, who might have excelled by writing good sense, but found that there was a shorter path to celebrity, by climbing the precipice of absurdity."

"I cannot make the same excuse for the pious editors of Dr. Johnson's prayers: see what it is to have friends too honest! How could men be such idiots as to execute such a trust? One laughs at every page, and then the tears come into one's eyes when one learns what the poor being suffered, who even suspected his own madness? One seems to be reading the diary of an old almswoman; and, in fact, his religion was not a step higher in its kind. Johnson had all the bigotry of a monk, and all the folly and ignorance too. He sets himself penances of reading two hundred verses of the Bible per day; proposes to learn high Dutch and Italian at past sixty, and at near seventy begins to think of examining the proofs (p. 160) of that religion which he had believed so implicitly. So anile was his faith, that on a fast-day he reproaches himself with putting a little milk into his coffee inadvertently! Can one check a smile when, in his old age, one might say his dotage, he tried to read Vossius on baptism?—No wonder he could only try!—but one laughs out, when about a dozen years before his death, he confesses he had never yet read the 'Apocrypha,' though when a boy he had heard the story of *Bel and the Dragon*. I wonder he did not add, and of 'Jack the Giant-killer'—for such blind faith might easily have confounded the impressions of his first childhood, which lasted uninterrupted to his second."

"Methinks this specimen, and 'Rousseau's Confessions,' should be lessons against keeping journals, which poor Johnson thought such an excellent nostrum for a good life. How foolish might we all appear, if we registered every delirium! Johnson certainly had strong sense at intervals—of how little use was it to himself!—but what drivellers are his disciples, who think they honour him by laying open his every weakness!"

In January, 1797, this interesting correspondence closes, and we lose sight of a series of sketches not likely to be continued with equal vivacity by any later pen. Some of them would have tempted us to continue our illustrations, but we feel that we have already done enough. The book is one of the most agreeable of its class that ever was published; and amid a mass of anecdotes, scandals, satires, and sportive allusions, presents such a picture of society that it may be studied with advantage for the far more grave affairs that are not only mixed up with, but often depend upon, sheer trifles.

*Memoir of William Henry Channing; with Extracts from his Correspondence and Manuscripts.* 3 vols. Chapman.

DR. CHANNING was one of the most eminent literary men whom the new world has produced; and this collection of his writings, accompanied by biographical description and correspondence, was a debt due to both the New World and the Old. It is paid in a substantial and satisfactory manner; and the work is full of matter of the gravest religious, political, and moral importance. Nevertheless, it is one which does not come within our system for extended review. With the doctrines of Unitarianism it is not our vocation to meddle; reasoning on the slave head we could not discuss without repeating sentiments we have uttered hundreds of times; and American policy, whether regarding Florida, Texas, Mexico, or Europe, presents subjects altogether unsuited to our page. Suffice it, then, to say, that this is a sterling and able publication, which embraces topics of the utmost interest to mankind both now and henceforward. The author himself must be an object of admiration, even to those who most differ from him.

*Jenny Lind.* A Tale by Rose Ellen Hendriks. Author of "Charlotte Corday," &c. 2 vols. Churton.

LIKE "Lola Montes" at the Haymarket, "Jenny Lind" is a captivating title for a tale. The fair author has captured her outline on the *Figlia del Reggimento*, but has invented so much when Jenny is restored to higher society, that the whole may almost be said to be original. Hofer and Napoleon, tonio, the lover, seduced from his surly allegiance, Josephine, the daughter of Hofer, and many other characters, are introduced and handled in a dramatic manner. The camp and the fashionable saloon—the struggles of patriotism and the troubles of court intrigue, altogether form a chapter of accidents to be read with interest by the admirers of varied fiction and sketches of life and feeling.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

We have great pleasure in laying the following brief communication before the public: After taking leave of our gallant friend, Sir J. C. Ross, at Greenwich (see *L. G. No. 1634*), and knowing his opinions on several points connected with the expedition, (not then tried and ascertained,) it is most gratifying to us, and must be most satisfactory to the country, to learn how auspiciously this arduous voyage has commenced, and how successful the experiments alluded to have been:

*Letter from the Commander.*

"H.M.S. Enterprise, 17th May, off Aberdeen. "My dear Sir,—We have had a famous beginning to our voyage. The ships answer admirably, and sail much better than I expected. All seems smiling on us. I have sent our only steamer into Aberdeen for some coals, as we are nearly becalmed off that port, and may yet want her, and I will be able, I hope, to send you a line when we dismiss our pilot. Ever yours, "J. C. R."

When we described the steam launches with which the Enterprise and Investigator are provided, we did not explain to our readers in what manner Sir James Ross considered them calculated to be eminently useful. During an important period in these frozen seas, a crust of ice is formed upon the water, which is sufficient to prevent the use of oars, and thus puts an end to boat service. But by employing the propelling force of steam, motion is generated, and with two or three men in the bow of the boat breaking away the ice in front with heavy poles, way is made for progress, which Sir J. Ross thinks might be made available to the extent of three miles an hour! A moment's consideration will

show how momentous such a means may be in pursuing the most interesting objects of the expedition. It was by great exertions that the gallant officer got these auxiliaries.

#### THE NEW STAR.

OBSERVED by Mr. Hind in the constellation of the Serpent, occupies the attention and interest of Astronomers. It continues of the same brilliancy, of the 4th magnitude, and exactly in the same position, within the triangle formed by the three stars,  $\zeta$  and  $\eta$  of Serpentarius, and  $\nu$  of the Serpent. Recently Mr. Hind has noticed singular changes of colour, red and blue, or green and yellow tints. When the star is near the horizon its colour is yellow, deepened with sudden flashes of red light. Its appearance is stated to be certainly different from that of any star. It is supposed to be the lost star of Flamsteed, observed by him in 1690, which, however, was of the 6th magnitude.

#### PURIFYING GAS.

M. MALLET employs for the complete purification of gas, in one operation, from all the hydro-sulphuric acid and ammonia it contains, a mixture of the sulphate and of the oxide of lead placed in the purifying chambers instead of lime.

#### BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE first meeting of the local Committee at Swansea, was held on the 18th inst., at the Royal Institution of South Wales, Mr. T. E. Thomas in the chair. Four Sub-Committees were appointed, and the greatest anxiety was exhibited to give to the Association a reception creditable to the Principality. Wednesday the 9th of August is the day, we believe, fixed for assembling at Swansea.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

May 19th.—The Rev. E. Sidney, "On the Motion of the Sap in Flowering Plants, connected with the Nutrition of Flowering Parasites," described also certain species of flowering plants recently discovered to be parasites, and the steps that led to this conclusion. *Euphrasia*, or "Eye-bright," attached to the roots of grasses, the "Rattlepurse," destructive to barley, and others, until recently considered noxious weeds, and to cultivate which all efforts had failed, have been found to be parasites, and that they never grow unless first germinated on roots of grasses. By this discovery, too, the idea prevalent until 1847, that all flowering parasites were destitute of green leaves, is exploded. In regard to the nutrition of parasites, Mr. Sidney treated first those of the stem and branches—the latter always deficient in one of two things, either in power of absorption or of elaboration; the first living on the ascending, the second on the descending sap. Two examples of the former were given, the mistletoe and the *Myzodendron lorantheae* of which the genera are 23, and the species 412; the *lorantheae* in the tropics are very beautiful. The peculiarities of the mistletoe (so familiar to most people, though, perhaps, in appearance only) are briefly as follows:—viscid berries, insoluble in water and alcohol; cannot absorb water from its own stock, but on its parent stem will live in water; seeds will grow after passing through the stomachs of birds; radicles green, not white, turn to branch not to centre of earth, and seem to turn from light. There are 48 trees upon which the mistletoe will grow. The *Myzodendron* grows on the antarctic beech; its ripe seeds are enclosed in pericarps, and are carried by birds; they adhere by their viscid filaments; the radicles seek and reach the nearest bark, in which they form cavities, and find nourishment in the disorganised cellular tissue; the branch suffers no injury below the cavity, but above only, the parasite living on the ascending sap. The example of

defective power of elaboration was the *Cuscuta*, which have no leaves; the radicles come out like wire, twisting about to seek the clover or flax stalk, for instance, and dying off when they have seized the cuticle, in which insertions are made (three in one convolution). The cuticle of the plant becomes disorganised, and the parasite lives on the descending sap. Root parasites are defective in both powers, absorption and elaboration: the *Lathræa* were instanced, which grow on the roots of elms, and which in light and darkness reverse the action of ordinary plants, absorbing oxygen and exhaling carbonic acid. The fungoid parasites were also mentioned; some of them famously stypitic, and others manufactured into wax candles. The *Rafflesia* is a celebrated example of the fungoids; its growth is the reverse of other parasites, originating in the inside and bursting the wood.

The foregoing are brief sketches of Mr. Sidney's interesting lecture, in which one object, never lost sight of, was the perfection of Nature's works, wherein just as much is done as is necessary; wherein nothing is deficient, nothing superfluous. In conclusion, Mr. Sidney threw out for inquiry, whether the tares of Scripture did not belong to parasites.

#### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

May 16th.—Mr. J. Field, President, in the chair. The discussion on Mr. Gooch's paper, "On the resistances to Railway Trains at different Velocities," excluded the reading of any paper. The principal speakers were Messrs. Brunel, Gooch, Bidder, Locke, Harding, and Russell, and their arguments were occasionally so complicated by calculation, as to render it difficult to convey, within reasonable limits, even an outline of the discussion. It was contended on one side, that the subject had been so treated in the paper, as to make it almost a question of the comparative gauges; that the experiments, upon which the arguments were founded, could not be received as applicable to railways in general, inasmuch as it was presumed from the statements, that the portion of the line was selected as being in the best working condition; that the engine and the carriages were also picked as being in the best order; and that, therefore, the results were due to these peculiar circumstances, and not to the ordinary working state of the line; that the amount of resistance per ton, was understated by Mr. Gooch: on these accounts, and that the rate of resistance arrived at by the committee of the British Association, by projecting trains of carriages down incline planes was nearer the truth than the expression of resistance arrived at with the locomotive and the dynamometer; that the tables were partly made up from the actual results of the experiments, and by using Mr. Harding's formula, which had been repudiated, in other cases, as incorrect; that the greater weight of the trains in the late experiment, as compared with those of the British Association, &c., reduced the value of the deductions; that the atmospheric railway could alone give the resistance due to the frontage which was not given when a locomotive was used, as it covered a portion of the carriage frontage, and the dynamometer being behind the engine, the resistance of the train of carriages alone could be arrived at; and that the valuation of the pressure of the wind upon the train at various angles was not satisfactory. Such was the general tenor of the arguments; and on the other side it was urged, that Mr. Gooch had endeavoured as much as possible to avoid introducing, in any degree, the question of the gauges, and to give the actual results of the experiments, in order that any person examining them might draw his own conclusions; that the portion of the line to which Mr. Gooch's experiments were tried, was not selected for its good condition; that it was only fixed upon by

Mr. Brunel himself, the night previously to the experiments, and was not that part which had been originally intended to be used; that the engine and carriages were such as could be spared from the working stock, and were not picked—in fact, that they were not the best of their class; that therefore, the results, were not due to peculiar circumstances, but were those of the average working of the line; but that even had the line, engine, and carriages been selected, engineers would, from the results, have been able to make allowances for other cases, and that the value of the experiments would not have been diminished; that it was believed that in descending Wootten Bassett incline, by gravity, without the aid of an engine, a greater velocity had been attained than the maximum recorded in the experiments of the British Association; that the tables were divided into columns, distinctly showing what resulted from experiment, and what from the use of formula; that it was impossible with engines of the ordinary weight, as now constructed, with an ordinary train, to limit the experiments to such small weights as had been formerly used; that in all cases the surface of the locomotive was allowed for in calculating the frontage resistance; that it was expressly stated in the paper that the apparatus for the wind gauge was not so satisfactory as could have been desired, and therefore its results were kept separate in the tables; that Mr. Gooch had not intended to cast any reflections upon the former experimentalists, but merely to point out the errors into which he thought they had fallen, and to induce, by his experiments, others which should fix more certainly the amount of resistance: this, it was still contended, was less than had been formerly stated; and although other experiments would be necessary to set the question completely at rest, it was unanimously agreed, that Mr. Gooch's experiments and paper were very valuable contributions, and it was hoped he would continue his observations on this most interesting subject.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

May 13th.—The twenty-fifth anniversary meeting was held this day. Professor Wilson, the Director of the Society, took the chair in the absence of the President, the Earl of Auckland. The Secretary read the Annual Report, which commenced by congratulating the members on their having obtained possession of a house better adapted to the wants and purposes of the Society than that which it had previously occupied, where want of space had compelled it to refuse offers of valuable presents to the library and museum, and had otherwise cramped its operations. Under these circumstances, the house, No. 5, New Burlington-street, in which the Society then met for the first time, had been taken. In order to meet the increased expenditure consequent upon this removal, the President and Council of the Society had memorialised the Honourable Court of Directors of the East India Company, setting forth the condition of the Society, and the claims it had to their support. To this memorial, the Honourable Court had liberally responded, by increasing their annual grant from one hundred to two hundred guineas per annum. The Council expressed their intention of making the most earnest endeavours for enlarging the operations, and extending the influence of the Society; and among the means for effecting these objects, referred to the expectations they entertained of being able to have occasional evening lectures upon subjects connected with the literature, arts, and sciences of Asia. The report then gave a statement of the changes among the members during the past year; and brief notices of the most distin-



guished among the deceased associates. Major Moor, an old and zealous officer of the Company's service, was well known as the author of the *Hindu Pantheon*, which, although published so long ago as 1810, is even now the only work on which reliance can be placed for authentic information on the leading peculiarities of Hindu Mythology. He was the author of several other works; and took a lively interest in the affairs of the Society. Sir James Annesley was a distinguished medical officer of the East India Company; and ably availed himself of the many opportunities which his long service and extensive practice in India afforded him for the advancement of medical science. His great work, *Researches into the Nature, Causes, and Treatment of the more prevalent Diseases of India, and of warm climates generally*, was published under the auspices of the East India Company. An eminent Medical periodical in reviewing it, affirmed that "this magnificent work will transmit Mr. Annesley's name to posterity, in conjunction with the Medical history of our empire in the East." Colonel R. Barnewall was many years ago employed in the most important and difficult duty of managing the Province of Kattywar, and of restraining its turbulent and predatory chiefs; in the discharge of which duty he displayed such acquaintance with the habits and languages of the natives, that frequent calls had been made upon him for information and advice by the counsellors of the State and of the Company. His Highness, the late Rajah of Sattara, was elected an Honorary Member of the Society, in appreciation of his efforts to promote the spread of education, and the increase of public works of utility: among the latter, an aqueduct for supplying the City of Sattara with water was referred to as a specimen of the science and skill evinced by his native engineers. A brief notice was taken of the state of our progress in the interpretation of the Babylonian, Assyrian, and Median inscription, which appeared to have made but little advance, notwithstanding the exertion of several learned savants. The most successful of the investigators, Major Rawlinson, has been a good deal checked in his labours by ill health, but he has succeeded in copying some additional portions from the rock at Behistun; and hopes are entertained that he will shortly transmit a paper on the Babylonian inscriptions. The Council also adverted with great satisfaction to the publication of Mr. Layard's inscriptions from Nineveh, under the auspices of the authorities of the British Museum. The report of the Oriental Translation Committee followed. The necessity of discharging heavy liabilities incurred in the publication of expensive works, extending over several years, had prevented the publication of the usual number of new works. A second volume of Garcin de Tassy's *Histoire de la Littérature Hindoue*, &c., had been issued; and another book, containing translations by Dr. Stevenson, of the *Kalpa Sutra* and *Nava Tatwa*, two important works of the Jains, is nearly ready for delivery. Mr. Bland's history of Persian poetry is making satisfactory progress; and the committee only regret that the limited funds at their disposal have compelled them to decline the acceptance of several offers of works for printing under its auspices.

The committee for publishing Oriental Texts reported the completion of the *Festalt Letters of Athanasius*, edited by the Rev. W. Cureton, from a MS. of the 4th century, obtained for the British Museum, from the Nitrian Monastery of St. Mary Deipara. The publication of this MS., important in itself, obtains additional interest from the fact of its being a palimpsest, the laborious investigations of the editor having been rewarded by the recovery of a nearly complete copy of the *Gospel of St. Luke*, and probably the most ancient known copy of

the *Iliad of Homer*. The *History of the Atabegs*, edited by Mr. Morley, from the Rauzal-us-Saifi, with engraved plates of all the known coins of the Atabegs, and elucidations thereof by Mr. Vaux, will soon be ready for delivery. The *Tuhfat al Ahnari*, forming the first portion of James' *Khamsah*, edited by Professor Falconer, will also be soon published. The committee also reported that they had been gratified by offers of assistance from Professor Garcin de Tassy and the Rev. G. Hunt.

Votes of thanks were passed to the officers of the Society, and a ballot took place for new members of the Council; when all the officers were re-elected, and the following gentlemen were elected into the Council in the place of those retiring by rotation:—G. W. Anderson, Esq., H. Borrodale, Esq., Major-General J. Caulfield, C.B., Sir Thomas E. Colebrooke, Bart., M.P., Walter Ewer, Esq., James Ewing, Esq., R. H. Holland, Esq., and W. Platt, Esq.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Thursday, May 18th.—Mr. Stapleton, V.P., in the chair. Sir Fortunatus Dwaris communicated to the Society a sequel to his "Remarks upon one of the old Cheshire families," read at a former meeting, the most important point in which was, his discovery of the patent, or grant of creation, to Sir William Brereton, of the Barony of Brereton.

A letter was read from Mr. J. Yonge Akerman, Secretary, addressed to Sir Henry Ellis, in illustration of the mummy of a Peruvian child, dug up on the plains of Arica, exhibited to the Society by Charles W. Steele, Esq., of Lewisham; accompanied by various articles of antiquity which had been discovered with it. The Secretary then read an account of some "Antiquarian Researches in the Ionian Islands, in the year 1812," by Dr. John Lee; communicated by that gentleman in a letter to Captain W. H. Smyth, the Director, and accompanied by the exhibition of numerous interesting articles, some of gold and silver, the fruit of those researches, together with maps and several well-executed drawings. This communication opens with a short notice of Dr. Lee's stay at Zante, and his subsequent passage on board a gun-boat to Cephalonia. Here he examined the ruins of the ancient Kranea, and noticed several sepulchral inscriptions. He then went to Samos, whence he embarked for Ithaca. "We landed," he says, "with no small gratification at the foot of Mount Aito, having beheld the Castle of Ulysses during the greater part of the transit across the Channel. On the 24th of December, having called on a Captain Guiteira, of the Corsican Rangers, then the commandant of the island, Dr. Lee requested and obtained permission to excavate for antiquities. The articles submitted to inspection were the fruits of the consequent operation; but the sight of them seems to have worked a change in the Captain-commandant, since he soon threw impediments in the way, and at length overcame the traveller's perseverance."

Before, however, quitting Vathi, Dr. Lee wrote to General Airy stating how repeatedly his researches had been thwarted, and entreating him to give directions that in future travellers should be allowed the same privileges in Ithaca as in the other Ionian Islands, in being permitted to excavate where they might think eligible. On his return to Zante, towards the end of January, he was gratified at learning that General Airy had sent orders to Ithaca to that effect; and the rights of the traveller were fairly recognised.

#### BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Public Meeting. May 12th.—The principal features of the evening's proceedings were the exhibitions of early British, Roman, and Saxon remains from Norfolk, contributed by Mr. Goddard Johnson, of Norwich, and Mr. Barton,

of Threxed, near Walton, the latter gentleman having recently made discoveries on his property at that place, while Mr. Johnson's name has been associated with the archeology of his county for many years. The British remains exhibited by Mr. Johnson consisted chiefly of flint and bronze *Celts*, (as these weapons or implements are termed,) discovered at Marham, Franscham, Pulham St Mary, Oxborough, &c. One in bronze, of novel shape, was found in a tumulus on Frettenham Common. In such abundance has the county of Norfolk produced these primeval remains, that one item of Mr. Johnson's collection is "ten spear-heads found at Stibbard, with seventy celts, in a meadow, by a man who was making an under-drain." The Saxon remains were equally interesting, and included many objects of great rarity, but it was observed, that their value to the historical and scientific antiquary was much lessened by the want of detailed facts connected with their discovery. Among these were numerous beads of coloured glass, clay, and amber; fibulae and other objects in metal. In one of the barrows near Northwold Mill, were palpably the remains of a circular target or shield, the shape being clearly defined. Owing, however, to want of prompt measures to secure drawings, this interesting object was allowed to crumble to dust almost without record.

A conversation of considerable length arose on the celts. Mr. Crofton Croker compared those upon the table with others found in Ireland, and referred to their being often met with as assorted, as it were, into regular graduated series, and to their discovery under such peculiar circumstances as to warrant his considering them workmen's tools. Mr. Planché agreed with Mr. Croker in thinking the majority of these instruments were workmen's tools, particularly the smaller sorts; but he could not see any reason for doubting that the larger axe or hatchet had been used as a warlike weapon as well as for industrial purposes.

Mr. Syer Cuming made some observations to the same purpose.

Mr. Roach Smith drew attention to a very perfect bronze Roman vessel, with an elaborately-ornamented handle, found at Prickwillow, a hamlet to Ely. It had been carefully drawn and figured in the *Archæologia*, vol. 28, but its artistic peculiarities had not been sufficiently pointed out and described. Some persons had considered this beautiful vessel of mediæval date, from the resemblance in the style of the decorations to works of the "renaissance" period; but Mr. Smith adduced reasons for assigning it to the Roman times, and laid stress on the authority of Pliny, and on the name of the artificer, *Boduogenus*, for appropriating it to Gaul. He also drew comparison to a somewhat similar vessel found in Norfolk, a drawing of which had been forwarded by Mr. Dawson Turner.

The Rev. S. Isaacson exhibited an adze of stone, brought from the Feejee Islands by his nephew, Mr. S. R. Lock, and drew a comparison between the rude instruments universally found amongst the uncivilized people of those distant regions and those recognised as the domestic and warlike implements of our Celtic forefathers. This adze, he observed, was used in polishing the inside of their canoes, which were generally excavated from the solid wood by the action of intense heat—a custom which, he had observed, extensively prevailed amongst the Warows, a race of boat-building Indians on the banks of the great rivers of Guiana, South America.

Mr. Lock believes the handle, from its evident want of adaptation to the instrument for all practical purposes, to have been, as is not unusual, thus elaborately ornamented for the purpose of displaying their taste and skill in

wood-carving, and securing a ready purchaser amongst the Europeans who casually touch there; an idea supported by analogy amongst all nations, from the earliest periods.

Mr. W. Harry Rogers perfectly agreed with Mr. C. R. Smith, that a first glance at the vessel in regard to its ornamentation seemed to refer it to the period of the "renaissance," but thought that on the following grounds it ought to be viewed as a genuine Roman production. The colour of the metal is eminently in its favour, strongly resembling that of a similar vessel, known as Roman, formerly in the collection of Sir J. Banks, who subjected it to the analysis of Dr. Pearson, from which it was found to be composed of copper and tin in a proportion of 6 to 1, a combination not used in the 16th century. The character of the oxide which remains approaches that of all Roman works discovered under the same circumstances. The decorative vine, executed in *nigellum*, is, in its character of drawing, purely Roman, the stems of the leaves first rising out of the branch at right angles, and then proceeding in a parallel direction to it, whereas in the 16th century the stems always originated from a gentle and gradual curve. The texture of the *nigellum* itself more strongly approximates that on the celebrated prætorian chair and other contemporary works than the Italian *nietto* of later date. Some of the leaves, again, are formed of pure copper, a species of arrangement never practised in the 16th century, but frequent in classic times; for that the Romans were pleased with the contrast of brass and copper may be shown by the numerous existing brass coins encircled with copper rims. The silver insertions for the dolphins' eyes and other portions partly confirm its Roman origin, as does also the tinning on the interior, mentioned by Pliny, and found upon all vessels like the present. After some further observations on the ornamentation of the handle, Mr. Rogers gave good reasons for showing that its peculiarities tended to prove the vessel to be a provincial specimen of Roman art,—an opinion which, Mr. Planché concurred, was supported by the name, "*Boduogenus*," stamped upon it.

Mr. Smith communicated drawings of Norfolk antiquities, by Mr. Dawson Turner. Among these were an urn from Burgh Castle; a Roman vessel, in bronze, found at Heddingfleet, the seat of J. F. Leathes, Esq., similar in many respects to that exhibited by Mr. Johnson, with "*Quatunus. F.*" stamped in a label upon the handle; and a gun of wrought-iron, *temp. Hen. VII.*, found in the sea off Lowestoft.

This exhibition also excited much interest, and illustrative remarks were made by Messrs. Gould, Pettigrew, and Croker.

Mr. Norris, of South Petherton, exhibited a piece of Mediæval sculpture, found in an exhausted quarry at Hamdon Hill, near Ilchester.

Several papers set down for this evening were, in consequence of the discussions, postponed.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.*—British Architects, 8 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.  
*Tuesday.*—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.  
*Wednesday.*—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—Geological, 8 p.m.  
*Thursday.*—Zoological, 8 p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.  
*Friday.*—Royal Institution, 8 p.m. Mr. Scott Russell, "On the Tide-wave principle applied to the construction of ships."—Botanical, 8 p.m.  
*Saturday.*—Asiatic, 8 p.m.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE VERNON GALLERY.

On Saturday and Tuesday, the Vernon Gallery, presented to the British Nation by that generous Patron of the Fine Arts, and genuine Patriot, whose name it bears (and will bear to his honour for ever), was opened to cards, liberally distributed, at his house in Pall Mall. The attraction

was immense, and the triumph of the British School of Art complete. With the exception of eight or ten additions to this munificent gift (including Roberts' "Church Interior at Antwerp," Uwin's "Vintage," and Redgrave's "Country Cousins," now on the walls of the Royal Academy, and Turner's "Venice," in the National Gallery), the whole collection of a hundred and sixty paintings was exhibited in the rooms of Mr. Vernon's residence. That they could not be seen to the best advantage in these lights, and in a crowd also, may be acknowledged, but still the effect of the display was such as we might expect from some magic creation by Aladdin's lamp. The taste and judgment of Mr. Vernon in selecting the far greater number of these productions show an innate power and connoisseurship, such as very few individuals have been blest with. There is hardly a picture which is not a standard, if not a first-rate, specimen of the artist; and the catalogue requires comparatively few additions to make the Gallery a perfect representation of British Art, at least from the period when the Royal Academy was founded. A few of the earlier masters would greatly enhance the value, as a whole; and we would respectfully suggest to Prince Albert and the Commission for the Encouragement of Native Art, the expediency of advising a grant of public money to purchase such pictures, as they happened from time to time to come into the market, and also later works by such distinguished men as Barry, Opie, Morland, and others, who have not fallen in Mr. Vernon's way. It is stated that Mr. Sheepshanks is about to follow this grand precedent, and present his collection (so rich and excellent) to the nation; and Mr. Moxhay, the Architect of the Hall of Commerce, exhibits in Mr. Vernon's Hall the model of a National Gallery to be erected in Leicester Square, at his own expense, with the assistance of spirited friends, and which we understand he offers to the country for the reception of the pictures now so badly accommodated in Trafalgar Square, and including the Vernon Gallery. The design is very handsome, and of great size. The lower part is planned for the reception of Archives, &c., and the upper part, as extensive as the Louvre, and all lighted from above, for the purpose we have already stated. These are noble proofs of the influence produced by noble acts. As Mr. Vernon has shown the way and bestowed his cherished treasures in his lifetime, surely the people of England will not wait for a period, we trust long distant, to demonstrate their grateful sense of what he has done, but will immediately open a subscription for a public national memorial, worthy of him, and of this splendid sacrifice. Let it stand near, or in, the repository glorified by his unexampled donation. The Arts and the Country are alike his debtors: we would have a splendid visible sign that the true extent of that debt was felt and appreciated.

Nearly all the works have been reviewed in the *Literary Gazette* as they appeared, but it is only when seen all together that their real beauties and importance can be conceived. The whole world cannot bring anything to compare with the British School for the last half century.

Since we wrote the foregoing, we observe the subject of the disposal of this collection has been mentioned in the House of Commons. Denew's out-of-the-way gallery having been scouted (and it was absurd to propose it), Mr. Vernon placed his own residence, *ad interim*, at the service of the Commission. Here the noble gift was visited by Her Majesty and Prince Albert last week, and by other branches of the Royal Family since the last public opening. But one feeling seems to possess all classes upon the magnitude and interest of the act, and we do trust that our suggestion of a national testimony

to the donor, will not be inoperative. We have heard the gallery valued at a HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS; and from what we know of Mr. Vernon's liberality to the artists, and the cost of improvements made after many of the pictures were painted, as his own fine taste directed, we do not think the value over-rated.

*Nelson Tribute.*—A subscription has been commenced to purchase a series of eight pictures, six by Westall and two by West, which represent striking events in the life of Nelson, and also the hero's Portrait, by Abbot, and which belonged to the late A. M'Arthur, Esq. About £500, we believe, is wanted for this patriotic object, and the design is to present the whole to the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital, and hang them in a "Nelson Room," set apart by the Governors for their reception. One lady has already given £25, and, though hardly known, about a fifth of the requisite amount has been collected. No doubt the rest will soon follow.

*Panorama of Paris.*—The private view of Burford's new Panorama of Paris, on Thursday, gave a high gratification to the visitors. It is taken from the Place de la Concorde (now significantly changed, and one would think not for the better, to the Place de la Revolution), near the entrance to the Champs Elysées, and thus embraces on every side the finest possible view of the city and its chief architectural objects. It is magnificently done; and what adds wonderfully to the effect is the Provisional Government on the portico steps of the National Assembly, proclaiming France a Republic to the multitude around, and stretching in every direction. Nearer the spectator, on the Place de la Concorde, is a procession, headed by priests, carrying a Tree of Liberty to its destined plantation. The figures are painted by Mr. Selous, and it is hardly possible to imagine anything more animated and picturesque than the whole of this Panorama, certainly one of the most admirable and attractive that even Mr. Burford has ever produced.

*Infant and the Infant Bacchus, by Mr. Foley.*—We last week experienced much pleasure in stating the acquisition of Lough's "Titania," by the Duke of Sutherland, and its fine disposition to be viewed by her Majesty and Prince Albert, who, we are assured, expressed themselves with much admiration of this beautiful Shaksperian conception. In this *Gazette*, we have the pleasure to notice the above piece of sculpture, which has been placed in the Room of Mr. Dickinson of Bond Street, and justly created a sensation among the lovers of the excellent in art. It is, in truth, one of the finest productions that has emanated from our English school, and may challenge comparison with any work of any country or age. Grace, simplicity, nature, loveliness of female and infantile form, expression, and sweetness of composition in the grouping, are all combined in this charming performance. The fair-ankled daughter of Cadmos is half reclined, and playing with the rosy God (tossed gaily on his back) with an exquisite look of affection. The features of the child might possibly be finer, but still there is not a fault to find with them, nor as far as our judgment goes with the entire group. It bears the most scrupulous and critical examination in every point of view. There is a fleshiness in the marble, and a correct development of muscle, which stand this severe test throughout; and when we add that the accessories are in classic keeping with the mythologic history of Dionysos and Leucothea, we have told, what no language can describe, that even in these dejected times, another very high honour has been accomplished for the School of British Sculpture.

*Exhibition.*—*The Court of Labors.*—Executed by a Hungarian artist, this exhibition contains a remarkable representation, not only of the



Court of Runjeet Sing, under various circumstances, and portraits of the most famous of his family and paladins, but also of many oriental scenes of great interest. Among these, a Thuggee tragedy, on the eve of perpetration, is extremely curious, the murderers being, we were informed, all likenesses from the life. As a composition this picture is very effective, and there are others of considerable landscape beauty. The principal, however, is a grand piece of above sixty figures, on the day of the Dessera, a splendid festival, where the King, on his golden chair, is surrounded by his relatives, grandees, and officers of state. The magnificence of the costume, the brilliancy of the jewels, the mixture of wild fakirs and fanatics, the elephants gorgeously dressed out and painted, and, in short, the entire compositions afford us a more perfect idea of such an Eastern display than we ever received before. The likenesses and fidelity of all the scenes were vouched for by English officers who had been long in Lahore and other parts of India, and who happened to visit the Exhibition at the same time with us; and, altogether, we can truly report this to be among the most attractive of the novel sights of the season.

*Catlin's Indian Gallery.*—Mr. Catlin has returned to London with his celebrated Indian Gallery, and on Thursday evening opened his suite of rooms in Waterloo-place, for a *conversazione* to re-introduce it to the public. A numerous assemblage of his old friends and admirers of his enterprizes and labours assembled on the occasion, to whom he addressed a short lecture, explanatory of the various interesting objects by which they were surrounded.

#### THE DRAMA.

*The Operas.*—*Musical Discord.*—Mr. Sims Reeve threw up his part in *Linda di Chamouni*, on Tuesday evening, at Her Majesty's Theatre, which was handsomely taken by Gardoni, at a very short notice. The excuse for thus treating the public (for it is not to a manager alone that performers owe a duty) was, that Mr. Lumley, forsooth, had refused the singer certain more important parts in other operas, which he held to come within the spirit of their agreement. Truly the path of a director of opera singers is the thorniest of all difficult ways. Thus we find the performer, whose joining in had just congratulated ourselves upon, refusing to sing the part of *Carlo* in *Linda*, because he was not offered that of *Edgar* in the *Lucia* to be performed on the Thursday following, that part being given to Signor Gardoni. As far as the musical qualifications of these singers go, the only point on which we have any opinion to express, without doubt Mr. Reeve is suited in every way to the more severe and tragic line of tenor parts, while Signor Gardoni is as much more suited to those of a lighter and more pastoral character, such as the *Count* in the *Barber*, *Elvino* in *Sonnambula* and *Nemorino* in *Elisir d'amore*; therefore, we could not see any policy in excluding him from the great tenor parts, which are allowed to be the weak point of the troupe in other respects so strong. With their correspondence and private arrangements we have no concern. At the Royal Italian Opera, Ronconi rebels because he had not the part of the king in *La Favorita*, which was given to Corradi Setti, while conversation runs upon the moderate success of Garcia in *Sonnambula*, and the question of whether she will sing in the *Huguenots* or not, and why she came out in the part of *Amina*, which even her friends consider unsuited to her.

*Her Majesty's Theatre.*—Madame Tadolini made her *début* on Saturday last, in the part of *Linda*. This lady has long been known to us by her singing in the theatres of Italy and Paris; and at Milan, we hear that she sang frequently with our very talented countryman, Mr. Reeve,

who, on this occasion, made his first appearance on the Italian stage in this country. Madame Tadolini is still a good singer, and from her knowledge of the art of opera singing will prove a most useful acquisition to the *répertoire* of Mr. Lumley's establishment. In the *cantabile* music, her correct singing and good tone were remarkable; but in passages requiring rapid divisions of the voice, her execution became clumsy and indistinct, and accompanied with too much effort, to be exactly agreeable. Mr. Reeve made a perfectly successful *début* in the little part of *Carlo*. He was received in the most hearty manner, and his singing was much applauded; he was encored in the air, *Se tanto in ira*. Mlle. Schwartz was the *Pierrot*, Lablache, sen., the *Perfetto*; Coletti took the part of *Antonio*, the father of *Linda*, and sang the music in his usual excellent style.

Come we now to the first appearance of Mlle. Lind in a new part, that of *Lucia* in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, which attracted the most crowded audience of the season on Thursday. The opera has been so very often performed, and with so many excellent singers in the part of *Lucia*, that we were not prepared for such a new sensation as that created by Jenny Lind's portrayal of the character; in *Amina* her acting is pathetic and most interesting, in the *Lucia* it is more imposing, with a degree of grandeur and intense pathos, expressing finely the beauty and great power of her conception. In the "mad scene," as it is called, her wild unearthly looks, her horror at the phantom of her murdered husband, and the delicious joy with which she listens to the fancied wedding hymn, were efforts of the very highest tragic genius; and then her singing of the exquisite aria, *Spargi di qualche pianto*, was truly pathetic and beautiful:—in the scene with *Enrico*, her brother, in the second act, when he shows her the forged letter from *Edgar*, she was also especially fine. The second look at the letter, as though she would cling to the hope it might not be true, and then the look of utter despair, were most touching. Another fine point which struck us forcibly, was the first assumption of madness, when *Edgar* rushes away after the contract scene; the dizzy vacant stare was finely conceived. In saying thus as much as it is possible in praise of Mlle. Lind's unequalled acting, we feel almost ashamed to be over nice in our criticism of her singing: in the *rendezvous* scene, the charming and most elegant cavatina, beginning, *Ancor non giunge*, was not given with that ease and command of *floriture* that we have been accustomed to from the Italians, and the high notes were scarcely true in tone; still the expression was always good, for which we are ever ready to forgive a trifling defect in mere singing. We look upon this performance of Jenny Lind's as by far the finest in which she has been heard. Gardoni is but a very poor representative of the passionate and stern *Edgar*. At the best of times deficient in power and energy, he was rendered more *distrait* and weak, by a slight attempt at a "row" by some friends of Mr. Reeve; it, however, was soon got under by the general feeling in favour of order. Coletti sang admirably in *Enrico*; the *Cuida funesta*, and *La pietade in suo favore*, were exceedingly fine, and in the duets with *Lucia* he sang with great taste.

With regard to the general effect of the opera, we could not help thinking that such a magnificent performance as Lind's should be aided by a better management of the scenery. In the last scene, instead of a gloomy mysterious moonlight, we had a churchyard in open day, with the back scene within a very short distance of the foot-lights.

*Covent Garden.*—*Royal Italian Opera.*—The production of Donizetti's *Favorita* at this house, where so much attention is paid to the classical works of the great masters, is, to our

taste, one of the least satisfactory undertakings of the direction; with few exceptions, there is no music in it which could have raised the composer to the character he held, and its success with the audience—always, when we have heard it, a very moderate one—depends mainly upon the skill of the *artistes* and the brilliancy of the *mise en scène*. This should not be; the "getting up" of the opera, indeed, far surpasses anything seen hitherto; the costumes and scenery are beautiful and perfect, and so are the choruses. The singing and acting of Grisi and Mario are excellent as ever, and yet the four long acts are but heavy and most unsatisfactory to the real lover of music. Marini was not good in the part of the *Primo*, singing constantly out of tune; Setti, as the *King*, sang weakly and without expression, and Soldi was no better than either. The ballet introduced in the opera was the most tedious and stupid affair possible, and only obtained its reward in a full round of hisses.

On Thursday, *Norma*, certainly Bellini's finest composition, was played for the first time this season to a bumper house; Grisi sustaining the rôle of the *Priestess* with unabated excellence. In her representation of the neglected *Druidess*, there is a depth of feeling at once tender, energetic, and expressive, and the vocal part is, perhaps, unsurpassable; we need not enter into particulars of the features of *Norma*, but we must not pass over the *Casta diva*, and the subsequent aria *Ah bello*, which were rendered with the most exquisite finish and power. Salvi was in excellent voice, and gave *Pollio* with increased effect; and Mlle. Corbari was admirable in *Adelgisa*. The whole opera was as great a triumph as treat. It was followed by the last scene of *Cenerentola*, Alboni singing the *non più mesta*, with a degree of brilliancy that drew down a unanimous and uproarious encore. The new ballet of *Nirène*, with its superb scenery, picturesque groupings, and general interest, closed the most delightful evening's entertainments, which has hitherto distinguished the liberal management of the Royal Italian Opera.

*Haymarket.*—On Monday, Mr. Coyne's clever *Lola-Montes* farce was reproduced here with a few of the most pointed political allusions softened down or omitted, the dialogue slightly altered, and the title changed to *The Pas de Fascination*. The broad fun is just the same, and Mrs. Keeley as comical and attractive under her new, at she was under her old title. Mr. Gerhard Taylor has also been giving some fine recitations on the harp, and we are promised the return of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, in Lovell's play of the *Wife's Secret*, on Monday next.

*Adelphi.*—Mr. Morton's new farce, though concocted out of anything but original materials, brought out here under the *ad captandum* title of *Going to the Derby*, on Monday last is what the Yankees would call a "screamer." The business consists of a couple of husbands getting to Epsom on the aly, and their wives doing the same, and of course meeting exactly when they all feel quite secure. The dialogue brisk, the situations ludicrous, the husbands and wives played by Wright, Paul Bedford, Miss Woolgar and Mrs. Frank Matthews, contributed to the Adelphi success of an Adelphi farce, which this assuredly is.

*Sadler's Wells.*—With Miss Rainforth, as directress, Mr. Tully, as musical leader, and a very fair operatic company, including Mr. Fraser (just returned from America), Mr. Leffler, Mr. Borroni, Mr. H. Horncastle, Mr. S. Jones, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, and the manageress, this popular theatre has opened for the purpose of affording its patrons the opportunity of witnessing the production of standard operas in an efficient style. *Fra Diavolo* and *Sonnambula* have already been given, and the *Barber of Seville* and *Rook's Amities* are promised.

**Astley's.**—An entire change took place at this house on Monday, and, after a lapse of nine years, *Timour the Tartar* was re-produced with quite its original splendour. The scenes in the circle were unusually brilliant, and the new *entrées* produced under the direction of Sig. Chiarini, entitled *The Grand Carousal by the Court Ladies of Louis XV.*, was a very neat affair, and reflected no little credit on the skilful performances of the ladies in representing the various manœuvres and military sports of the period. The extraordinary performances of Mr. Batty's Hanoverian palfreys, and the other novelties, formed a very excellent evening's entertainment.

**Miss Kelly's Readings.**—Projecting six *soirées* for dramatic readings and performances, Miss Kelly, on Thursday evening, gave a kind of rehearsal to a party of her private friends. It was but thinly attended, which we trust will not be the case with the public evenings, patronised as they are by Queen Adelaide and some of the highest of our female nobility. The principal readings on this occasion were from the *Merchant of Venice*, and Miss Kelly gave singular force to the varying passions of *Shylock*. In one part she was overcome by her emotions, that she begged leave to retire to a seat and glass of water on the table, and sitting down, almost in tears, exclaimed, "I am fifty-seven years old! I feel it to-night!" A burst of applause, we hope, re-assured her of the sympathy that must ever be felt for one whose talents so powerfully recommended her to public patronage, and whose place on the stage has not been filled since she left it.

**Vauxhall Gardens.**—This time-honoured and fashionable place of summer amusement is about to open again for the season. Vauxhall!—what associations are connected with the name! Here royalty was wont to unbend from the cares of state; and here the Prince Regent gave his grand *fête* to the chief nobility of the land—the highest names in artistic fame have left the impress of their talent—Hogarth painted—Handel composed, and Chatterton wrote for Vauxhall. The names of Catalani, Dickens, and our charming English ballad singer Mrs. Bland, are identified with the place. The coming season promises auspiciously, Mr. Robert Wardell, the lessee, having effected many alterations and improvements since last summer, and a gigantic Picture of the City of Constantinople, designed and painted by Battie, A. Adams, and others, occupies the space called the "Waterloo Ground." In equestrian entertainments, two troupes are announced, and the concert department embraces much acknowledged talent. Increased accommodation has been made for the lovers of dance: and the probability of fine weather, and the fulness of London, promise, in spite of our atmospheric vicissitudes, a successful season.

**Mme. Puzzi's Annual Concert** came off with its wonted *éclat* on Monday morning at the Concert-room of Her Majesty's Theatre. The music was of superior merit, embracing the talents of most of the *artistes* of the opera; the excellent playing of Thalberg, Hermann, the violinist, and Piatti, the violincellist, and, above all, the very charming singing of Mme. Sabatier, from Paris. Mr. Reeve was unable to sing on account of hoarseness.

**State of the Drama.**—The walls of London were placarded, on Thursday, with large broadsides, appealing to the public to resist "overwhelming foreign invasion," for theatrical and musical entertainments, and petition the Legislature for a share, at least, of patronage to native talent. It complains of two great Italian operas, a French theatre, an equestrian troop, and numberless concerts, already in the field; and the

whole company of the *Palais Royal*, with their licentious pieces, and also of the *Théâtre Historique*, for whom there is now no demand, amid the political disorders of Paris. English dramatic authors and actors, it asserts, will be ruined if such things are allowed, and calls aloud for protection.

**The Shakspeare Fund.**—The two Amateur Plays in London have, we regret to say, been but little productive. The performers, however, have resolved to visit five large provincial towns with a view to repair the failure. With regard to the Costume Ball, we are sorry to hear that it also was neither so fully attended nor so productive as might have been expected. We believe it will not add £130 to the fund; so that we fear the idea of a keeper for the house at Avon must fall to the ground.

#### VARIETIES.

**Sour Grapes.** in his weekly *Gossip*, has been at the *Literary Gazette* again, in a piece of verbiage occupying no less than the third of a column, to find fault with us for knowing and announcing, before they knew aught beyond a vague guess, that Lord Rosse had accepted the Presidency of the Royal Society. Now, we had our certain information from the best authority; with the addition of his Lordship's coming to town in consequence. It is very droll that this Bobadil Omniscience won't allow anybody else to have any intelligence, and becomes quite sick at proofs of superior information, whilst (and we have looked all through his last number for it) we could not detect one bit of novelty worthy of being communicated to the public.

**Stammering.**—The cure of stammering so often and boldly announced by pretenders, is, we fear, but rarely accomplished; it therefore affords us the more pleasure to state the case of a young friend of our own aged 15, who four months ago attended Mr. Hunt, of Regent-street, London, from this city, and was speedily, in common with other pupils (as he informs us, under Mr. Hunt's care at the same time) of that gentleman completely cured of a distressing impediment in his speech. Considering how much such impediments stand in the way of advancement in every line of life, we do but our duty as journalists when we record this cure, and add the satisfactory assurance that we are authorized to give reference to the parties concerned.—*Oxford Chronicle*.—[We copy this paragraph with much satisfaction as bearing very direct testimony to the efficacy of a system which for years that we have witnessed its almost unfailing certainty has received our warmest recommendations.—Ed. L.G.]

**The Annual Conversazione** of the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers is announced for next Tuesday, to be held at the house of the Institution in George-street, Westminster, where, doubtless, the usual profusion of models of machinery, specimens of manufacture, works of art, &c., will be exhibited, and enjoyed under the auspices of Mr. Field, and the able and indefatigable Secretary.

**Intramural Burials** have got another "demonstration" against them, in a meeting of the Parish of St. Clement Danes (where the nuisance has long prevailed), and it was understood that Lord Morpeth and the Government would be anxiously pressed to put an end to the noxious, disgraceful, and unhealthy practice.

**The Royal Academy** has been plundered of several small works of art, chiefly statuettes, a round marble medallion of a female, and a small bust, about nine inches in height.

**An Archaeological Society** has been formed in Scarborough. The objects of the society are to promote antiquarian research in the neighbourhood, and to illustrate and make interesting the history of ages past, by those memorials of

them which have been or may be found.—*The Builder*.

**A Virginia Grand Jury.**—Presentation against the crime of teaching the Scriptures.—The following is the copy of an indictment recently found by a Grand Jury in Wood county, Va.:—"WOOD COUNTY, to wit:—The Grand Jurors empanelled and sworn to inquire of offences committed in the body of said county, on their oath, present: That Martha Christian, late of said county, being an evil disposed person, on the fourth day of July, in the year of our blessed Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, at Righteous Ridge, in said county, not having the fear of God before her eyes, but moved and instigated by the Devil, wickedly, maliciously, and feloniously, did teach a certain black and negro woman named Rebecca, alias Black Beck, to read in the Bible, to the great displeasure of Almighty God, to the pernicious example of others in like case offending, contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Virginia." Martha was tried and duly convicted of the heinous offence of teaching the Scriptures "to the great displeasure of Almighty God," and sentenced, by the humane Judge who presided during the case, to ten years in the penitentiary. We have no comments to offer.

**New Light for the Eddystone.**—The new lantern building for the Eddystone by the Messrs. Wilkins, of Long Acre, by order of the Trinity Board, will, in a few weeks, take the place assigned to it. It is calculated that by its use a very large extra volume of light will be evolved; but the most vital consideration is to be found in the fact, that while the bars of that to be removed are seven inches in thickness, and thus, at certain angles, almost totally obstructing the effect of the beacon, the bars of the one which is destined to take its place are but 1½ inch, thereby offering the slight test possible obstruction to the escape of the cautionary rays. To Messrs Walker and Burgess, and to Mr. Hewitt, the principal assistant to that firm, a proportionate amount of credit is justly accorded, for this fresh instance that the engineering world are fully alive to the importance of exercising their great gifts in providing additional means for the preservation of life and property.

**The Venezuelan Government** has granted a charter for an American company to navigate the river Oronoco by steam, and it is intended to run steamers up the river 700 miles beyond Angostura. A Mr. Ellice has the superintendence of the concern.

**Mesmerism in India.**—Lord Dalhousie is understood to be favourable to the re-establishment of a Mesmeric Hospital at Calcutta. He has appointed Dr. Esdaile presidency surgeon, though youngest on the list, in evidence of his estimation of the services performed by him.

**Dwarkanauth Tagore.**—The great Indian mercantile house, of which Dwarkanauth Tagore was a member, has been obliged to suspend payment; and our lionizing compatriots in London will be amazed to learn from the Indian newspapers, that when this royal merchant embarked for England his liabilities amounted to a million sterling. The assets of the surviving firm are reported to be sufficient, when they can be converted, to meet the quarter of a million for which they are answerable.

**Queen Mary of Gueldres.**—The Scotsman, Edinburgh newspaper, states that the body of the queen of James II., after four centuries of interment, (since 1463), has been exhumed by excavations for demolishing Trinity Church, and building a railway station. The coffin is of oak, and the skeleton in extreme decay; but the skull was whole, and the teeth white and regular.

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Whitwort  
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Tales of K  
12mo, cl  
Telmeyou  
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Wells's M  
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Whitwort  
William B  
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## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

**JUNIOR.**—Mr. Britton's volume on the Authorship of Junius's Letters, on which he has long been occupied, will, we hear, be published immediately, and embrace a concise account of the numerous commentaries on the subject, with biographical anecdotes of Lord Shelburne, Dunning, Lord Ashburton, Colonel Barré (with portraits), and William Greatrakes, all of whom are supposed to have been concerned in these celebrated epistles.

**LIST OF NEW BOOKS.**  
Aid, Memoir to Military Sciences, part 3, royal 8vo, 16s. Aline, an Old Friend's Story, 3 vols, £1 11s. 6d. Allen's New Greek Delectus, 3rd edit, 12mo, cloth, 4s. Balford's Moral Heroism, 2nd edit, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d. Bate's (W.) College Lectures on Ecclesiastical History, 2nd edit, 12mo, cloth, 6s. 6d. Bickersteth's Companion to Communion, new edit, roan, 8s. 6d.

Burnett's (Dr. C. M.) Insanity Tested by Science, 8vo, cloth, 5s. Carpenter's (W.) The Angler's Assistant, fcp, 3s. 6d. Clarke's Drawing and Painting in Water Colours, new edit, 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. Cook and Times of James I., 2 vols, 8vo, cloth, 28s. Craik's (L.) Romance of the Peacocks, vol. 1, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

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Law List, 1848, bd, 6s. 6d. Lessons from Nature, by author of "The Week," 32mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

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**DEMY'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.**  
[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1848.	h. m. s.	1849.	h. m. s.
May 27	11 56 51-2	May 31	11 57 24-6
28	56 53-3	June 1	57 31-5
29	57 0	2	57 40-8
30	57 14-0		

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.)

**DEAR SIR,**—Your correspondent M.A.D., in "Proverbs and Popular Sayings," states that in the county of Surrey, the 29th of May is called "shuck-shack Day," but professes ignorance of the phrase. I beg to state that when a boy at school in the town of Winchester, "Royal Oak day" had the same appellation, and that oak-apples were called "shuck-shacks," which I take to be a provincial barbarism, having in Hampshire never heard any other name, except by the better classed, applied to them.

Faithfully yours,

HENRY W. HAYNES.

J.S.—We like to be generous, but must be just. No mistake!  
Topham's "Patented Railway Time Table" is acknowledged; it seems to us to be well provided with useful information for travellers in every way.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.** Mdlle. ALBONI. Third Night of LA CENERENTOLA. On Tuesday next, May 30th, will be performed, for the third time this season, Rossini's Opera LA CENERENTOLA. Mdlle. Alboni; Tibbe, Madame Bellini; Clorinda, Mdlle. Temple; Don Ramiro, Signor Salvi; Don Magnifico, Signor Rovere; Aldoro, Signor Polonini; Dandini, Signor Tamburini. Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. Costa. To conclude with, for the seventh time, the N-w Ballet Divertissement, entitled NIRENE, in the second Tableau of which will be represented the grand FETE DES FLEURS.

## GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

THURSDAY.

On Thursday next, JUNE 1st, A Grand Extra Night will take place, on which occasion will be performed for the second time this season, Bellini's Opera.

NORMA.

Norma, Mdlle. Grisi; Adalgisa, Mdlle. Corbasi; Clotilde, Mdlle. Bellini; Oroveto, Signor Marini; and Polli, Signor Salvi. After which will be given the last scene from

LA SONNAMBULA.

The part of Amina, by Mdlle. Pauline Viardot, in which she will sing the celebrated Aria.

AH NON GIUNGE.

To conclude with the new Ballet Divertissement, entitled NIRENE. LA FAVORITA.

Donizetti's Opera, LA FAVORITA, will be performed, for the third time, on Saturday next, June 3rd. Admission to the Pit, 3s. To the New Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.

The Performances will commence at Eight o'clock.

Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes for the Night or Season to be obtained at the Box Office of the Theatre, and at the principal Libraries and Music Sellers.

For the future the Box Office will remain open till Half-past Five o'clock.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

## GRAND MORNING CONCERT.

NEXT FRIDAY, JUNE 2nd, 1848.

The Directors have the honour to announce that a GRAND MORNING CONCERT will be given on FRIDAY, June 2nd, on which occasion, in compliance with the very general wish, the First Part of the Concert will consist of Rossini's celebrated

## STABAT MATER.

The Solo parts being sung by Madame Gessi, Madame Rosconi, Mdlle. Corbasi, Mdlle. Alboni, Signor Marini, Signor Lavia, Signor Tadolio, and Signor Tamburini.

**Overture.**—"Oberon," from "Die Zauberflöte," Mdlle. Corbasi.—"Il Tancrède," from "L'Esclavage," Mdlle. Corbasi.

**Madame Rosconi.**—"Gloria," from "Missa Solenne," Mdlle. Corbasi.—"Gloria," from "Missa Solenne," Mdlle. Corbasi.

**Madame Alboni.**—"Gloria," from "Missa Solenne," Mdlle. Corbasi.—"Gloria," from "Missa Solenne," Mdlle. Corbasi.

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**INSTITUTION for the FREE EXHIBITION of MODERN ART.** Hyde Park Corner (late Chinese Gallery), OPENED 1st Dec. 1847. Admission, 1s. from Nine to Six. Evening, Saturdays excepted, from Seven to Ten, brilliantly illuminated with gas, admission, 6d.; catalogues, 6d.  
EDMUND J. NIEMANN, Hon. Sec.

**MR. J. H. FOLEY'S BEAUTIFUL MARBLE GROUP** is ON VIEW, at Messrs. Dickinson's, 114, New Bond-street.

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The Paintings will consist of the much admired works of the celebrated Artist, the late Madame SOYER, and the proceeds, it is proposed, to add to the Subscription Fund now in the Union Bank, Argyll-street, for the purpose of establishing a Parochial Kitchen in each destitute district in London, before the next winter, similar to the one in the parish of the Rev. Joseph Brown, St. Matthias, Bethnal Green, by which upwards of 500 persons are daily assisted at a trifling cost.  
No pictures on Sale.—Admission, 1s.; Children, 6d.

**THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.**—FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall. Admission is. Catalogues 6d. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

**UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**—8, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, London; 97, George-street, Edinburgh; 12, St. Vincent-place, Glasgow; 4, College-green Dublin. Established by Act of Parliament, 1804.

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**LAW LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE, Fleet**

Street, next St. Dunston's Church, April 8, 1848.  
NOTICE is hereby given that the Dividends on the Capital Stock of this Society, for the year 1847, are in the course of Payment, and can be received any Day, TUESDAY excepted, between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock. By Order of the Directors.

WILLIAM S. DOWNES, Actuary.

**POSTPONEMENT of the GRAND CLUB SUBSCRIPTION DISTRIBUTION.**—MRS. PARKER announces to her Subscribers and Friends, with full reliance on their confidence, consideration, and generosity, that she has been compelled to postpone for TWENTY-ONE DAYS only the Distribution of the Allotments of her CLUB SUBSCRIPTION, and what was to have occurred on Monday, the 28th of May, is now finally fixed to take place at EXETER HALL, on MONDAY, the 28th of JUNE.

Shares (One Guinea each), may be had at the Bowyer Gallery, Golden Square.

**MAUGHAM'S PATENTED CARRARA WATER** "may be drunk alone or with Sherry, Hock, Sauterne, or with small quantities of French brandy; and forms a very agreeable and wholesome beverage; with the wine it neutralizes their free acid, and renders them more wholesome."—Dr. Husham, Westminster Hospital. See *Lancet*, July, 1845.

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To Professor Holloway (Signed) CHARLES TULLY,  
Editor and Proprietor of the "Roscommon Journal."

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